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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1908.

The Week.

One aspect of Secretary Taft's candidacy is interesting—the revival of third-term talk. Perry Belmont reports to the newspapers, what we have heard from several other sources, that the President is telling people with heightening emphasis that, if the Chicago Convention does not take Taft on the first or second ballot, it will have to take him. This is not so much a prophecy as it is a threat. It is with a distinctly minatory purpose that the President allows this talk of his to leak out. He wants to frighten reluctant people into acquiescing in Taft's nomination, lest a worse thing befall them. Presumably, he is succeeding to a certain extent. This accounts in part for the increasing confidence of the rich men friendly to Taft that they will be able to persuade heads of corporations to support him. But in how strange a light does this leave the Taft candidacy. It makes it seem not only dictated, but ambiguous—as if the big, strong, and independent Secretary were being used by the President for his own purposes, and would meekly step aside without a murmur if Roosevelt gave the signal for his own nomination. One would not think that any friend of Mr. Taft's could so describe his position. No doubt, however, the Taft candidacy has made great headway. The plans for it in the South have not been executed with the success expected, but elsewhere it has displayed nearly as much strength as its promoters counted upon.

After Ohio with Taft's platform, comes Nebraska with Bryan's. The latter is very long, and four years ago would certainly have been called very radical. To-day, however, it has a mildly conservative flavor. It hits out pretty hard at "predatory wealth," but that unhappy punching-bag has been so bethumped by a more vigorous arm, that it will be inclined to think Bryan's buffets mere love-taps. Still, there is no discounting the seriousness of Mr. Bryan's candidacy. The Populists of his State are for him.

Although the Minnesota Democratic State Committee has endorsed Gov. Johnson for the Presidency, the astonishment with which this news appears to be received, and the prominence it is given among current happenings, are tributes to Bryan's strength. That the Chief Executive of a State, with a notable record for efficiency and popularity, should obtain the endorsement of that State's Central Committee for a higher office, with or without a formal announcement of candidacy, would ordinarily occasion no surprise in any quarter. Favorite sons enjoy certain understood immunities, even this year, on the Republican side. But for a Democratic committee to endorse any one but Bryan is a marvel, if not a portent. We would not minimize the significance of the Johnson endorsement. Every little helps the men who are trying to impress on the Democracy the reasons why John A. Johnson would be an eminently fit standard-bearer for the party. On the other hand, the committee meeting brought into relief the bitter and factious spirit of the Minnesota Bryanites. If there are any Democrats who did not realize before, that Johnson was a highly eligible candidate for their party, and Bryan an autocratic ruler, they may now see a trifle more clearly. Most of those open to conviction, however, knew these things already.

The present exceptional exertions of Federal, State, and local authorities against anarchists differ only in degree from those which followed the assassination of President McKinley seven years ago. The results achieved seem as little likely to solve permanently a perplexing problem. Such new legislation as was passed for the discouragement of attempts against the head of the nation are of no help at all in the present situation. The police in Chicago and other cities throw out their "drag-nets" and arrest numbers of men and women who in few or no cases have the remotest connection with the crimes of violence actually committed or attempted. The Federal authorities, meanwhile, have to rely on a statute which was really intended to repair slips in the administration of the immigration law. Anarchists are not supposed to pass our gates, but since it is practically impossible by any methods this country is likely to adopt to sift them out from the mass of arriving immigrants, we exercise the right to deport them, if caught within three years after landing. The sole policy on which all the members of the immigration commission are said to agree had a hearing in the House of Representatives last week, when Representative William S. Bennet of New York moved to suspend the rules and pass his bill requiring that all aliens convicted of felony in this country shall be deported after they have served their sentences. He secured a majority of 64 to 52 in favor of the measure, though not the two-thirds necessary for suspending the rules. The opposition appears to be based chiefly on supposititious cases in which the deportation law would work hardship and injustice. Doubtless, the family of the criminal will suffer when he is sent back to his own country, just as it suffers when he is sent to prison in the first place. The penal system which leaves the innocent unscathed has yet to be invented. The Bennet bill, which has the support of the National Liberal Immigration League, embodies a principle which this country has long applied to those aliens who become public charges. Let Giuseppi run a stiletto into his neighbor, or Abraham explode a bomb in the street, and, after a term in prison, he is free to return to his old haunts, and possibly his old practices. But let either of them ask for too many nights' lodging at the public shelter, and, unless he has been in the country for more than three years, back he goes to the old country. Secretary Straus has announced his purpose to "rid the country of alien anarchists and criminals falling within the law relating to deportation." Could there be a fitter time for making that law include all criminals, instead of the small minority who come under its scope at present?

The opening statement of Chairman Overstreet of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, in laying the Post Office Appropriation bill before the House shows how much has been done toward reducing the postal deficit without resorting to any of the drastic measures so much discussed last year. There is, first and foremost, the "change of divisors," for railway mail transportation—that highly original, not to say startling, method of dividing a week's totals by seven instead of six to determine a day's average. The estimated result of this is to reduce the cost of hauling the mails by $4,619,285.85 for the coming year. By enacting that carriers shall be paid at a lower rate when the amount of mail hauled exceeds two and one-half tons daily, Congress saves an estimated $1,740,494.63 more. A change in the rate of payment for railway post-office cars saves $935,074.09, while, by sending empty mail bags, furniture, and equipment by freight, as any commercial concern would do, instead of at the highest rates on the fastest trains, $805,679.13 is cut off. Here is a total of over $8,000,000 saved in a single year in a single branch of post-office expenditure. Last year's deficit was only one-quarter more than that. A single additional reform, a system of crediting the post office with the work it does for the other government departments, would change the deficit to a substantial surplus.

The *Railroad Gazette* has some sensible remarks on the difference between

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natural and artificial conditions of recovery after a panic. It is one thing for manufacture and transportation to creep slowly and painfully back to health under the operation of economic law; it is quite another process when executive or legislative interference hinders the work of nature. After 1873, as the *Gazette* points out, business was left to dig itself out of the wreck and build anew. There was retrenchment, reorganization, receiverships, with, of course, heavy losses involved and much suffering; but in the end the unpleasant but necessary work of recuperation was done. And it was done in accordance with the laws which political economy lays down. There were in operation none of those "artificial and extraneous agencies" which are to-day threatening to retard, at the very time they think to hasten, the recovery. The reference is tolerably plain to the letter of President Roosevelt directing the Interstate Commerce Commission to look sharply after reductions of wages on railroads. So far as this indicates a kind heart, there is nothing to be said against it. So far as it betrays anxiety to win the labor-union vote, there is nothing to be said for it. But so far as it seeks to check the inevitable process of economizing and saving, it is a wholly wrong-headed policy, which is sure to fail, though not until after having made needless mischief. A sharp cutting down of expenses is not only compelled by the financial present; it is the only way to assure the financial future. Our trouble has been an overstrain and waste of capital, and we must now set about accumulating new capital. The chief way to do it is by saving. But saving means pinching somewhere. Despite the President, the thing has to be done even on the railways. With the pay of clerks and the higher officers scaled 10 per cent., the laborers will have to submit to reductions, too. On the Boston and Maine system, the men have agreed to a 5 per cent. cut in wages. On other roads a similar policy is being quietly enforced. In the case of men who work for a daily wage, there are various ways of mitigating the hardship of dull times. They may be kept on at the old wages, but working only half-time. This is the policy adopted by many factories in New England. Where it is desirable to hold the working force together, in the hope of full resumption later, the plan has obvious advantages for both employers and men. But natural law will have its way.

The public generally is to be congratulated on the arrangements for resumption of business by the Knickerbocker Trust Company. That the hardships imposed on the 17,000 depositors through indefinitely tying up their resources, will thereby be in a measure averted, is the most obvious ground for felicitation. Beyond even this, we should suppose that the sentimental influence on financial conditions generally would be considerable. Resumption will be taken as visible evidence that the process of recuperation is well under way—all the more so in that the Knickerbocker failure not only precipitated last October's panic, but was perhaps its typical incident. If the resumption of business proved nothing else, it would at least prove that the wreck of values and impairment of assets were not, even in this most conspicuous instance, sufficient to ruin outright the fiduciary institution involved. That the resumption was made possible, not through the immediate meeting of liabilities, but through what the foreign money markets call a "moratorium," every one is aware. The condition of resumption was that the depositor should surrender his absolute claim to 30 per cent. of his credit, the payment of that percentage being made a first charge on future surplus profits; while of the 70 per cent. remaining only 10 per cent. should be paid in cash immediately, the balance becoming available at stated intervals during the ensuing two years and five months. This long delay the reorganization committee explained as necessitated by the fact that, of the Knickerbocker's assets, "few can be collected within thirty days to six months, more of them fall due or are collectible between six months and one year, and a great many must be carried between one and two years, while others can only be reduced to cash between two years and two years and six months." The explanation is convincing; but it has also impressed many people as fresh proof of the unsoundness of the position created, in advance of last October's panic, by the trust company law and practice. To have conducted an investment business, such as the committee describes, on the basis of $46,000,000 deposits subject to withdrawal on demand, and with an actual cash reserve on hand of barely 10 per cent., was an experiment in hanging over the financial precipice such as had hardly been witnessed in American banking during the past half-century. Looked at from this point of view, the very circumstances of the Knickerbocker resumption ought to bring support to the bill to reform and safeguard the business of these companies, now pending at Albany.

As might have been expected, organized labor is not going to sit still under mere decisions of the Supreme Court defining its status. President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor has called a conference of labor leaders "in the interest of the working people of our country." Now, as always, the effort of the unions is to create the impression that they speak for the workers of the country in general. This is natural, because the effort to secure a special set of laws and exemptions for a certain class in the community can be made to appear less hateful the larger the class benefited. But what relation does union labor really bear to the mass of the toilers? There were in 1900 rather more than twenty-nine million persons engaged in gainful occupations in this country. More than seven million were engaged in "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits" and a million and a quarter of others in those branches of "trade and transportation"—namely, the telegraph, trucking, steam and street railways—which are in the special field of unionism. With the increases of eight years, nine millions would certainly be a low estimate for these classes of workers. Yet the American Federation of Labor, with all its 117 subordinate national and international unions, reported on November 11, 1907, a total paid membership of 1,538,970. It is this organization, embracing about one-fortieth of the population old enough to work, one-twentieth of that actually at work, and one-sixth of the membership of the industries where it is most active, that is now gravely weighing the claims of the Supreme Court to consideration.

The new Constitution for Michigan, to be voted on at this year's spring or fall election, as the courts may decide, inevitably invites comparison with that adopted by Oklahoma last year. They are as widely different as two such instruments could be. Oklahoma began her career as a State by embodying in her organic law a large number of reforms, more or less urgent, for which fights are being made in many State Legislatures. On the other hand, the Constitution which the Michigan convention has drafted is confined to general prescription of powers and duties. Instead of being a statute book, it is simply a frame of government. This is no more than saying that the Michigan plan is to trust future Legislatures and State officials, while that of Oklahoma is to put as many important questions as possible out of reach of their meddling. In many respects the widest divergences in State laws and practices are to be welcomed because of their experimental value. Practical trials of conflicting policies often furnish valuable information. Many of the chief measures before Congress to-day, like the proposal for physical valuation of railway properties and the guarantee of bank deposits, embody principles that are being tried by State governments. But the adoption of a conservative, possibly an ultra-conservative, Constitution by Michigan—the Detroit *Free Press* remarks that "the public's first impression of the revision is decidedly favorable"—would be a refutation of those who so confidently saw in Oklahoma's daring innovations the signs of a new dispensation. The rest of the country is waiting to see

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how the forty-sixth State's notions are going to work after they have lost their novelty. Indeed, Oklahoma's readiness to try many of these debatable policies may be an argument why others should sit back and watch.

A hearing has just been given at Albany on the proposed act "to prevent cruelty, by regulating experiments on living animals." The subject is one on which disputants on either side have been prone to extreme statements. There are those who would entirely prohibit vivisection. But to them the reply is that it is essential to the progress of medical research and to the discovery of new cures for the diseases of men and women. Against that good, the evil of suffering by rabbits and guinea-pigs cannot be allowed to stand. But there have been undoubted abuses of vivisection; needlessly cruel experiments have been performed; animals have been tortured only to show what was already perfectly well established. It is a humane instinct which protests against all this; and, in our judgment, those champions of experimentation who would resist every proposal to safeguard it against wanton cruelty, take an indefensible position. The bill actually drawn and introduced in the Assembly by Mr. Lee may not be a flawless measure. But in general, the proposed act is a comprehensive and reasonable plan for permitting all the good possible to be got out of vivisection, while preventing the evils. It makes ample provision for necessary experiments. They may be conducted by a college, hospital, laboratory, or board of health. Furthermore, any accredited individual may obtain a license from the State Commissioner of Health to perform the experiments. Certainly, this is broad enough. What the bill aims to prevent is merely vivisection at the hands of irresponsible persons, and to do away with such shocking cases of needless animal torture, in the name of science, falsely so called, as from time to time are brought to light. We understand that the names of 700 physicians, largely from New York and Brooklyn, have been signed to a petition asking that the bill be passed This does not look as if the act were one against the interests of the medical profession. No sane man would wish to hamper the labors of such men as Pasteur and Koch and Behring and Flexner. But physicians cannot draw apart as a class immune from criticism. They have to justify themselves to the humane feeling of their age. Hence we think that they ought to welcome, rather than oppose, the passage of a bill to remove from their profession the reproach which unregulated vivisection tends to cast upon it.

In Germany the Modernist movement is coming off only second best in its contest with Ultramontanism. At the congresses of Würtzburg, held in August last, and of Cologne, the German episcopate waxed fervent in its protestations of absolute submission to the Papal will. "Only by yielding obedience to it and taking it as our guide can the Church be served," was the declaration at Cologne. In all the sees there have been established commissions of control, with inquisitorial powers, for the surveillance of clerics suspected of the Modernist taint. These commissions find valuable collaborators in the newspapers of the Centre party, which have been zealously attacking those members of the priesthood whose adherence to the papal encyclical has been only lukewarm. In Bavaria, particularly, the campaign has been actively carried on. There the Catholic press is in the hands of the *Hitzkapläne*, or fighting chaplains, and university professors or private theologians of questionable orthodoxy have received little mercy. Even Catholic journals of such high standing as the *Germania* and the *Kölnische Volkszeitung* have not escaped censure. In reaction against this revived policy of heresy-hunting the liberal Catholic element in the Rhine provinces has organized itself into a "German Party," with national as opposed to ultramontane tendencies; but its influence is not as yet formidable.

There seems little doubt that the Congo problem, so far as it concerns the issue between the Belgian Parliament and Leopold, is on the eve of a settlement. The King has given way on the chief mooted point, the maintenance of the Crown Domain, with its present special privileges; and its dissolution by royal decree is expected. The minor matters of finance involved do not greatly concern the world at large. Many factors had combined to make this notable victory for progress and justice possible. The thorough awakening of the Belgian national consciousness, the force of public opinion in Great Britain and the United States, and King Leopold's years and growing infirmities made it inevitable that within a comparatively brief time a solution of one of the gravest political and moral problems of our time should be found. Undoubtedly, the firm stand taken by the British Parliament hastened a settlement. Interest will therefore soon shift from the struggle for the redemption of the Congo to the manner in which Belgium proceeds to discharge her new responsibilities.

The international gendarmerie, the creation of which was hailed as the first step in the rescue of Macedonia, has degenerated into a farce. This is not because of the inefficiency of the foreign officers who were appointed as commandants of the several districts. They are good men, who have striven to do their duty, often at the peril of their lives. To understand their position, we must remember that they are usually miles away from responsible authorities, in wild districts and at the mercy of their men, who are the scourings of Asia Minor. Only last autumn, an Italian officer in charge of the district of Kitchevo, hearing that troops were ravaging a Bulgar village, rode at once to the scene, arriving while the massacre was at its height. He plunged bravely into the thickest of the fighting, striking out at the Turkish soldiers with the flat of his sabre, begging and beseeching them to fall back. They threatened to shoot him, and at last by main force carried him to a secluded corner and imprisoned him there until they had finished their work. If the Powers really desire to put a stop to outrages in Macedonia by the Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, and Turks, the next step would seem to be the organization of a foreign constabulary, together with a staff of European district magistrates. No matter how zealous an officer may be, he cannot be in every section of the district under his command at the same time, or make sure that his men are behaving themselves. The officers of the international gendarmerie cannot depend upon their Turkish rank and file, who are aided and abetted in every act of lawlessness by the Turkish civil and military authorities.

The French Academy last Thursday elected successors to Berthelot, André Theuriet, and Sully-Prudhomme. The new members are Francis Charmes, a member of the French Senate and successor of Brunetière as director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* Jean Richepin, the Romanticist poet and playwright, known to us as author of "Le Chemineau," which Otis Skinner played some years ago under the title of "The Harvester," and part author of "La du Barry"; and Henri Poincaré, whose rank among mathematicians and physicists is of the highest. This leaves but one unoccupied armchair in the Academy. Of the new members, the eldest, Richepin, is sixty, Charmes is fifty-nine, and Poincaré fifty-four—an average appreciably higher than that for other recent elections, which have included such comparatively young men as Maurice Barrès and Maurice Donnay. To be one of the Immortals is, after all, not to be immortal. Thirteen members of the Academy have died during the last five years, and of the forty members for the year 1895 only thirteen are alive now. Of the first five members in 1901, in the order of priority of election, four are still alive. These four—Émile Ollivier Alfred Mézières, Gaston Boissier, and Victorien Sardou—have seen many younger men enter the Academy after them, and pass away before.

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FOREIGN ANTI-LIQUOR MOVEMENTS

The prohibition wave which has been passing over the South and West during the last two years has its counterpart in a general movement against the use and abuse of liquor in Europe. England's Licensing Bill, which proposes, within a period of fourteen years, to reduce the number of her dramshops by 30 per cent., has already given rise to a bitter contest in which moral principle, financial interests, and vested rights are seemingly to play equally important parts. In France the increase of alcoholism has been coupled with a rapid increase of crime. An added factor is the growth in the consumption of beer and distilled liquors, with a corresponding decline in the consumption of wine, a change in the national taste which is regarded as reprehensible from the point of view of patriotism and hygiene. In Russia the problem of drunkenness is one with which the government, sincerely or no, has been attempting to cope for the last thirty years. The question has recently been brought up in the Duma, but long debates have resulted only in testifying to the appalling magnitude of the evil. In Finland, on the contrary, the establishment of universal suffrage, with the admission of women to the reconstituted Diet, has been followed by the enactment of a rigid prohibition law.

A feature common to the anti-liquor crusade in this country and abroad is that in both it involves a reform whose ultimate result must be a decrease in public income. But there is this important difference between conditions here and in Europe: that the fight for prohibition is carried on, in our own case, by the States, which are only one of two parties deriving revenue from the liquor interests, whereas in England and elsewhere in Europe it is the central government that is asked to lay the axe to the root of the tree from which it alone plucks the fruit. Thus it is conceivable that our Federal government's enormous income from the tax on the manufacture of spirituous liquors might be wiped out by the separate action of the States in enforcing total prohibition. The strain between moral principle and monetary interest is evidently easier on the conscience of any single one of our States than it might be on that of the Federal government or actually is on the British government. With us each State, as it progressively cuts down its revenues from the liquor traffic, presumably undertakes at the same time to readjust its finances in accordance with its income. But the British government, or the Russian government, if it should make the attempt to restrict the consumption of alcohol, would thereby be compelled to face the task of financial readjustment on a vast scale.

The "war against alcohol," as it is known in Continental Europe, is thus, from the point of view of government, an unprofitable one; in the last analysis it is the moral gain that is to compensate for the financial loss; but the practical statesman must undoubtedly hesitate long before assailing the revenues of his country. A recent cartoon in *Punch* shows two topers discussing contemporary politics. "If 'e takes our beer away," says one, "where will 'e get the money for our old-age pensions?" What it would mean to public finances to take the poor man's beer or whiskey from him is shown in the following figures: The Federal government, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, derived $216,000,000 from the liquor tax, out of a total national revenue of $665,000,000, or almost 33 per cent. The United Kingdom, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1906, obtained from the excise on beer and liquors the sum of £29,500,000, or a little over 20 per cent. of its total revenue. The Russian government in 1906 derived from its liquor monopoly and certain taxes the sum of 600,000,000 rubles out of a total revenue of about 2,000,000,000 rubles, or 30 per cent. A decrease of 30 per cent. in the excise would mean for the United Kingdom a loss of £9,000,000, which is sufficient to disturb the most robust of budgets. In the same way, for the Russian government to combat alcoholism is to decrease its profits as purveyor of liquor at a time when navies have to be rebuilt, the interest on a huge war debt must be paid, and costly agrarian reforms have been promised. A Russian minister of finance has been known to speak of the increasing income from the vodka shops as a hopeful feature of the financial outlook.

That the "war against alcohol" has nevertheless been declared, argues the growing impetus of moral forces. Abroad it is not the older prohibition movement that counts, but an awakening of the masses to the destructive effect of alcoholism on national efficiency. "Degeneration" is closely bound up with the liquor problem. Startling figures have been recently brought forward of the prevalence of the drinking habit among the English factory population, even among women. France attributes to alcoholism her stationary population and her difficulties with army discipline. "Of all countries," says a writer in the Paris *Petit Journal*, "France ought to be first able to give her opinion of alcoholism, because her increase in crime is directly due to it; and confining ourselves to military facts, we are forced to declare that the majority of the soldiers sent to Africa to atone for their crimes, committed their crimes when drunk or because drink had degraded them to a point where crime was possible." In Russia, vodka has been held partly responsible for the peasant's poverty, his shiftlessness, and his incapacity to withstand disease.

LORD CROMER ON GEN. GORDON.

No part of the Earl of Cromer's work on Egypt, which has just been published, and which is reviewed in another column, will be read with more eagerness than his chapters on Gen. Gordon. The sending of that officer to Khartum in 1884, and his unhappy fate there, have been the subject of bitter controversy. On the one hand, we have had the picture of that chivalrous Christian soldier, the "hero of heroes," as Mr. Gladstone called him, basely ordered to abandon the Egyptian garrisons in the Sudan, and then, when he would not, basely abandoned himself by the government responsible for his safety. On the other, we have been told of a headstrong, vacillating, and insubordinate officer, who grossly mistook the nature of his problem, miscalculated his own powers, flatly disobeyed orders, and brought his cruel end upon himself. For twenty-four years the argument has raged, and books and pamphlets and magazine articles have hurtled about; now comes Lord Cromer to write concerning events in which he himself played a great part. What has his clear head, his calm judgment, to tell us of the Gordon tragedy?

There is but little actually new material which Lord Cromer has to furnish. He gives several private telegrams of his own, with a few of Gordon's, not before published. More important is his account of personal interviews with Gordon. But the chief value of the seven chapters which he devotes to the Sudan expedition lies in his judicial review of all the evidence. With singular elevation of spirit, he detaches his own personality from the historic dispute. Gordon's "Journal" had some severe things to say of Sir Evelyn Baring, as he then was; Lord Cromer puts all that aside. He introduces himself when it is necessary to show his responsibility for what was done, or his share in the mistakes that were committed, but except for that, he writes with the high impartiality of an entirely disinterested person. Whatever one may think of his conclusions, one can but admire his restraint, his dispassionate analysis, his unruffled temper.

Looking before and after, Lord Cromer's conclusion is that no Englishman at all should have been sent to Khartum, at the time when the Mahdi was sweeping everything before him to south, east, and west; and that if any Englishman was to be sent, Gen. Gordon was the last man who should have been chosen. This is a hard saying, yet the evidence which Lord Cromer marshals goes far towards justifying it. He shows to demonstration how almost impossible it was to work with Gordon.

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This was because he was seldom of the same mind twice in one day, and had not the slightest idea either of sticking to his own agreements or obeying orders. Gen. Gordon was aware of this himself. In his "Journal" he once wrote that he was conscious of having been "very insubordinate," and added: "I know if *I* was chief I would never employ *myself*, for I am incorrigible." To this add intense energy, great driving impulses with a tinge of fanaticism in them, and you certainly get a man little fitted for a complicated and delicate enterprise. He might have a very noble character, as Gordon undoubtedly had, but he would not be a serviceable or coöperating man.

To do anything with him at all, Lord Cromer says that he had to "learn Gordonese." That is, he had to sit down patiently with the mass of conflicting statements by Gordon, and figure out as best he could what was the general drift and net result. Gordon would send Cromer twenty telegrams a day, each positive, sweeping, imperative, but one often contradicting another. The British agent's habit was to let them accumulate till nightfall, and then try to make out the one thread of purpose running through the maze. On top of this dynamic instability, there was the strain of mysticism in Gordon. Lord Cromer gives one crucial illustration of the embarrassment this brought to Gordon's colleagues. On his way to Cairo from England, the General telegraphed that Zobeir Pasha was certain to make trouble and should be, if possible, deported to Cyprus. Once in Cairo, Gordon had an interview with Zobeir, and instantly pitched upon him as the one man to take with him to Khartum! He said he had a "mystic feeling I could trust him." Lord Cromer's dry remark is: "I have no confidence in opinions based on mystic feelings."

It has to be admitted even by Gen. Gordon's panegyrists that he did not abide by the instructions under which he went to Khartum. Lord Cromer's statement is that "he threw them to the winds." But it has been argued that the instructions ought never to have been given; that they meant a cruel abandonment of the garrisons; and that therefore Gordon rose to the higher law of humanity and duty, when he wrote in his "Journal":

> If any emissary or letter comes up here ordering me to come down, I will not obey it, but will stay here and fall with the town and run all risks.

But the simple answer to this is that Gordon not only consented to Cromer's instructions to evacuate the Sudan, but that he *dictated them himself*. This is put by Lord Cromer beyond all doubt. Gordon was, it is true, placed under Cromer's orders; but as the latter wrote at the time to Lord Granville, "a man who habitually consults the Prophet Isaiah when he is in a difficulty is not apt to obey the orders of any one." Accordingly, the whole matter of instructions was gone over with Gordon in person. After assenting to everything—indeed, suggesting everything—he added with his own hand that the instructions were "on no account to be changed." Yet he went off and, as Lord Cromer proves, in the next thirty-nine days advocated five policies, all different from each other, and all flatly opposed to his orders. Plainly, the hero was "gey ill" to work with.

That the British government, having got Gordon into the trap at Khartum, from which he refused to extricate himself was bound to go to his relief, Lord Cromer strongly contends. And he makes out a black case of official negligence and delay in getting off the expedition too late. But the main and original culpability is placed on Gordon. Lord Cromer even challenges the reflection of Gordon, "I have tried to do my duty." In a passage where the great public servant speaks, he says:

> I am not now dealing with Gen. Gordon's character . . . but with the political conduct of his mission, and from this point of view I have no hesitation in saying that Gen. Gordon cannot be considered to have tried to do his duty, unless a very strained and mistaken view be taken of what his duty was. He appears to me to have set up for himself a certain standard of duty without any deliberate thought of the means by which his objects were to be accomplished, or of the consequences which would probably ensue. . . . As a matter of public morality, I cannot think that Gen. Gordon's process of reasoning is defensible. The duty of a public servant placed in his position was to sink his personal opinions, and to consider the wishes and true interests of the government and the nation whom he was called upon to serve.

This must come pretty near anticipating the verdict of sober history. Gordon's heroic stand at Khartum was magnificent, but it was not public service.

PEDIGREES AND PICTURES.

Not long ago in an Italian auction-room, where the contents of an historic palace were being sold, an English critic—and, incidentally, a successful dealer—was observed bidding on all the trash. Copy after copy of pictures, the originals of which hang in the great museums, passed into his possession at base prices. A friend, inquiring into the cause of this sudden aberration of a great expert, received the response: "Of course I'm not buying this stuff for myself; my clients, you see, don't buy pictures; they buy collections."

One is reminded of this incident in studying the sumptuous catalogues issued by so many of our collectors. At the beginning of each descriptive paragraph stands the pedigree of the picture, a tall column of type, which records the famous collections in which the masterpiece sojourned before it was graciously conceded, say, to Mr. Sheetiron of Pittsburgh. The great dealers will assure you that without such a documentary record no picture, however intrinsically fine, can be sold for a long price, or, indeed, sold at all to the average opulent amateur.

Now, we are far from questioning the sentimental value of such pedigrees. It is worth something in cash to feel one's self in the apostolic succession of noble and royal dilettanti, or even the legitimate heir of plebeian but potent collectors whose names shine in the biographical dictionaries. Considered merely as a means of becoming, however modestly, an heir of fame, buying pictures with pedigrees may even seem advisable, on grounds of economy. It costs less, for example, than founding universities, and it lasts longer than sailing cup defenders. But as a means of getting good pictures it has its drawbacks.

In the first place, the ideal pedigree of the dealers—a chain reaching back to the artist's studio—practically never exists. At best, most pedigrees end in the seventeenth century—that is, in a period in every way less critical in these matters than our own. Accuracy in attributions was not the forte of the seventeenth-century amateur, nor was scrupulosity in this regard more common among dealers then than now. All the present frauds, forgeries, and mystifications could be paralleled from that period. We find even Van Dyck repudiating one of his own paintings, apparently either to spite the pupil who had some part in its execution, or the agent who sold it; and we may be sure that where one picture was disowned by its maker, thousands were quietly fathered upon great artists who could no longer speak for themselves. In short, a pedigree of ten stages, covering three hundred years, too often means simply that the picture has been sold under false representations to ten generations of confiding amateurs.

But even the perfect pedigree is of rather little worth from the fact that at any point a copy may have been substituted for the original. How many times has a proud owner received from the restorer, not the shabby canvas he sent, but one in every way newer, finer, and more resplendent. Perhaps, not oftener than sap, not in the family tree, has renewed the blood of ancient lordly families. In both cases the pedigree remains as good as ever; it merely has ceased to apply accurately to the case in hand. But even when an artistic genealogy does begin at the beginning, and there has been no fraudulent substitution, are we really much better off? We can trace, for example, the version of the Madonna of the Rocks in the National Gallery, London, to the altar of

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the chapel for which we know, documentarily, Leonardo da Vinci painted such a composition. Yet we must regard it as a copy, executed under the master's eye, while the original, the pedigree of which is much shorter and less complete, drifted into the royal collections of France, we hardly know when, and now hangs in unchallenged loveliness and authenticity in the Louvre. In fine, the pedigree of the London picture is correct; it merely happens to have applied from the first to the wrong work of art, while the pedigree of the Paris picture might barely satisfy a fastidious dealer on Fifth Avenue.

So long as our collectors buy not pictures but names, and the glamour of famous collections, pedigrees will probably rule active in the speculative art market. But as soon as the practice of buying pictures becomes common, pedigrees will fall like other over-exploited securities. Meanwhile, those amateurs who buy on the evidence of a trained eye, ignoring the dockets of the antiquaries, will not fail to reap their reward. In the possession of fine works of art they may even find compensation for the absence from their catalogues of tall columns, savoring agreeably of the Gotha.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

The attitude of German writers towards what was once a comedy figure in their fiction and drama, "the American," seems to be changing. The American heiress in Ludwig Fulda's comedy, "Der Dummkopf," and the prodigal son in Gabriele Reuter's novel, "Der Amerikaner," are products of the American soil and the American spirit, likely to inspire the foreigner with respect for the ideal of manhood and womanhood, which they represent. Even Georg Hirschfeld, in his story, "Der Wirt von Veladuz," though he has based the character of Mrs. Harrison upon the European conception of the American flirt, has given her modern and generally human qualities, which relieve her from the charge of being typically American. While it may interest Americans to see themselves as German writers see them, recent German fiction does not lack qualities which command the attention of the general reading public. There are authors who treat the eternal problem of the sex relations: Kurt Aram in "Der Zahnarzt," Georg Wasner in "Fatum," and Helene Mühlau in "Sie sind gewandert hin und her"; or a question of social morality as Wilhelm Hegeler in "Das Ärgerniss." There are also authors who give their stories an economic background and suggest the change in ethical standards that corresponds to a change in social conditions, as in "Der Wirt von Veladuz." Others are concerned with the individual conscience, as August Friedrich Krause in "Sonnensucher."

Wilhelm Hegeler's "Das Ärgerniss" (Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.) is one of the most remarkable works of fiction recently produced in Germany. Always concerned with matters of conscience, Hegeler is, even in his lighter moods, a writer of great ethical force. In this new book the question of the nude in art is presented in a story, provincial in setting, but of universal significance. The figures of a fountain given to a little German town by one of its most cultivated citizens, and set up in the public square, are the cause of great commotion, and of a child-tragedy of deep pathos. The crusade against the luckless piece of statuary is described with an admirable knowledge of mass-psychology and with a delightful humor. The characters are drawn with skill. The moral that prohibitory measures against a publicly exhibited and inoffensive specimen of the nude in art are likely to open secret gates to the really pernicious in art and letters, is unmistakable, but not so obvious as to offend good taste.

Kurt Aram's "Der Zahnarzt" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) presents the vagaries of a soul endowed with the fatal gift of artistic temperament without artistic ability or moral stamina. The influence of the intellectual Bohemia of a modern metropolis upon such a character is impressively depicted. The tragic result of the conflict around which the plot is constructed comes as a surprise; but is thoroughly consistent with the pose so effectively assumed by the dentist-poet. The wife is a well-conceived character; nor does the unfortunate woman who is the cause of the husband's estrangement fail to enlist sympathy as victim of a delusion. Georg Wasner's "Fatum" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is also concerned with the hackneyed, but ever-fruitful, theme of a third coming between husband and wife. Temperamental and perhaps racial differences distinguish the work of Wasner and Aram. Both are naturalists and moralists, but Aram is imaginative and emotional; Wasner, cool-headed and rational. Wasner has created some capital types of the German bourgeoise overstepping the limits of middle-class morality and ensnaring by her charms the guileless fool occasionally found among the pedagogues or students.

Emmy von Egidy's "Liebe die Enden konnte" (S. Fischer & Co.) and Helene von Mühlau's "Sie sind gewandert hin und her" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) might well exchange titles and yet be appropriately named, for both are stories of love's errantry; in both the heroes are men pursuing an *ignis fatuus;* in both love dies. The difference between the heroines, however, is striking. The one is a woman of yesterday, quick to obey the suggestions of the man she loves and clinging to him even after that love dies. The other is a woman of to-day, as devoted, as loving, as the other, so long as her love lasts, but withdrawing her affection as soon as the object proves no longer worthy. Emmy von Egidy is, like her father, concerned with the inward life of her lovers, rather than with the vicissitudes of their external careers. Helene von Mühlau is more emotional. She is eloquent in her defence of her heroines. As in her first book, the title of which invited comparison with Strindberg's "Confession of a Fool," she pleads for a woman whose life has been wrecked by the man she loved; but unlike the Swedish author, whose intense misogynism is almost ludicrous, knowledge of life and love has not embittered her. The book is well written, and derives additional interest from its passages descriptive of men and places in South America.

Various elements of interest enter into Hirschfeld's "Der Wirt von Veladuz" (S. Fischer & Co.). The commercialization of an isolated place in the Alps, with the resulting demoralization of the inhabitants, the conflict between the spirit of this severe mountain solitude, and the laughing, lively metropolis of the valley; the antagonism between old and new typified in the two generations Freydank and Sternwald—all this is not new, but it is powerfully presented. Nor is the hero with his obstinate opposition to all innovations an uncommon type; but he is admirably individualized. Hirschfeld has borrowed a minor motive from one of his previous works. The lame mistress of the hotel of Veladuz recalls the invalid heroine of "Das Mädchen von Lille." Each is painfully conscious of her physical infirmities and silently suffers another to engage her husband's affection. But the daughter of Jacob Freydank, the sturdy Romanic mountaineer, is a saner and more tangible creature than the neurotic offspring of the German scholar. So the story is concerned less with the delicate problems of supersensitive souls than with more primitive questions of right and wrong. There is a tragic grandeur in Freydank's abandonment of the old estate and his retirement to a hermit's hut when the financial practices of his son-in-law have led to bankruptcy, and wife and child have followed the fugitive across the ocean.

August Friedrich Krause's "Sonnensucher" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a soul's growth from its early awakening under depressing social conditions to the painful struggles of maturity. Born into the home of Silesian peasant-weavers, the hero breaks away from the grandfather's tyranny to become a school-teacher. In his profession he meets men who are endeavoring to reconcile Christianity and Socialism and to give a higher spiritual meaning to their vocation. Thus the book reflects that movement among the educators of Germany which has given us plays like Ernst's "Flachsmann als Erzieher" and stories like his novel "Asmus Sempers Jugend"; and has been the source of serious conflicts with school authorities, as in the case of Wilhelm Scharrelmann. It is a book of serious ethical import, and although some episodes unnecessarily lengthen the narrative, it holds the attention of the reader. The disintegration of the old system of caste traditions so powerfully depicted in Georg von Ompteda's trilogy of the German aristocracy plays an important part in many recent stories. It is interesting to note that the heroines breaking with these traditions seem to be more numerous than the heroes. Otto von Leitgeb's "Sonnensplitter" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) suggests the struggles of such a woman. His heroine is a spoilt child of fortune, waywardly bent upon following her innocent, yet in the eyes of the world unpardonable, impulses. The book presents a vivid picture of life in that society of Germany equally divided between the aristocracy of birth and that of wealth, and succeeds in conveying to the reader a clear idea of the emotional undercurrents below the placid surface. The revaluation of old social standards enters largely into Gabriele Reuter's new book, "Der Amerikaner" (S. Fischer & Co.). At the be-

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ginning of her career the author had the opportunity to study the American seeking culture abroad; and she embodied her observations in one of her earliest books, "Episode Hopkins." She has since supplemented her knowledge of things American by personal intercourse with Americans and by reading some of our authors, like Elizabeth Robins and Edith Wharton. The impressions thus gained have crystallized into a sane appreciation of what America can do for the human wreckage seeking these shores year after year. "Der Amerikaner" is one of the many regenerates that inspire foreigners with respect for the healthy spirit of American life. He rehabilitates himself by returning rich and worldly wise, saves from utter financial ruin the old home of his aristocratic parents, and goes back to America with a cousin, who has made herself impossible in the Old World. The story contains a gallery of delightful portraits, and is charmingly told. In matter and manner it is a distinct departure from the "woman novel" with which the author has been associated for the past ten years.

Helene Böhlau is a writer whose whimsical humor gives her a place by herself among the women novelists of Germany. From every page of her latest book she faces us with the gentle smile of one who has known the suffering of man and womankind and has yet been able to construe for herself a bright and hopeful reading of life. Were it not for that humor, her books might be disposed of as the bizarre imaginings of a social anarch. She is one of those who, beneath the crust of our conventions and the varnish of adventitious accomplishments, seeks for the eternally human; and in mating her men and women she absolutely ignores the spirit of caste. Even if the scene of her story is one of those little out-of-the-way corners of the Old World where present-day realities assume the remote aspect of a fairy tale, her heroine's choice of a husband is likely to give the reader a shock. But to the seeker of romance, modern in spirit and setting, this fascinating story of people working out their individual salvation in unusual ways will bring a rare pleasure; for Helene Böhlau is one of the foremost artists among German novelists.

Of short stories the volume by Raoul Auernheimer, "Die ängstliche Dodo" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the one most likely to be enjoyed by the average reader. The stories are clever and sprightly. Gerhard Ouckama Knoop implies more than he says in his collection, "Der Gelüste Ketten" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). Each tale is an illustration of the suggestive title. There is no flippancy in his outlook upon the world; he is at heart a moralist and at times he strikes a tragic note. Jacob Schaffner is a comparatively new name. His collection, "Die Laterne" (S. Fischer & Co.) is full of a sweet simplicity, rare in modern German fiction. There is no complexity of characters or conflicts, there are no subtleties of style, yet the book is the work of an artist. His individuality remotely suggests the influence of Gottfried Keller. The little volume is wholesome and delightful reading. Of a quite different character is Gustav Meyrink's "Wachsfigurenkabinett" (Munich: Albert Langen). A product of mordant irony and grotesque fancy, the characters figuring in the book grin at the reader like gargoyles and seem to dance a cancan in face of the world, whose submission to fictitious and antiquated authorities Meyrink lashes with merciless satire. Fiercely polemic in its attacks upon certain features of life in modern Germany, especially upon militarism, the stories cannot fail to appeal to readers with a taste for tabasco.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

William Carew Hazlitt has added another to the long list of his books on bibliographical subjects. This new volume, "A Roll of Honour" (London: Quaritch), is a list of more than seventeen thousand names of men and women who in the British islands, and in the American colonies, have collected books. Of some of these persons nothing more is known than that at some time they were the owners of a few books. In a number of cases Mr. Hazlitt has told us a little of the character of the libraries and what became of them, or of special books in which he found inscriptions, but for the most part the list is merely a bare list. The arrangement is alphabetical, but there are two indexes, the first by place, the second by rank or occupation. A few signatures or inscriptions, are reproduced, among them three of Shakespeare's signatures; the one in the Montaigne of 1603, in the British Museum; another, pasted in a copy of the Second Folio, now owned by Mr. Gunther of Chicago; and a third in a copy of the Aldine Ovid. So many old books are being rebound and the evidences of former ownership being removed by skilful cleaners, that such a record as this, meagre as it is, is of some importance. If all those through whose hands old books are passing could take the time to copy off inscriptions, the results when brought together would be both informing and interesting. Mr. Hazlitt describes one book from the library of Sir Philip Sidney, and reproduces the inscription. He also notes a letter from Sidney to Plantin, the Antwerp printer, ordering books. Another similar letter to Plantin, ordering a copy of the best edition of Ortelius's Atlas, was in the Rowfant collection. The name of Sidney's father, Sir Henry Sidney, does not appear in Mr. Hazlitt's list, though a copy of Halle's Chronicles, 1545, with interesting inscriptions by him, and by his wife, Mary Sidney, was sold at Anderson's in this city, December last.

The manuscript records of entries and preëmptions of land in Kentucky are included in the Anderson Auction Company's sale of March 16. The books contain the names (but, of course, not autographic) of a large number of early pioneers, among them Daniel Boone and Abram Lincoln, father of President Lincoln. In the same sale are several desirable books on Western history, books on the Revolution, Franklin imprints, a first edition of Motley's first book, "Morton's Hope," 1839; and a series of Quaker broadsides.

Some of the better books at the Pyser sale (Anderson Auction Co., March 6), brought good prices, but the majority sold low. Either the interest in first editions of American authors is falling off, or, perhaps, the country has been so thoroughly ransacked during the last eight or ten years in search of first editions, that the supply now exceeds the demand. Bryant's "White-Footed Deer," 1844, brought $215; this was the Alfred B. Street copy, which sold for $220 last season. Hawthorne's "Sister Years," 1839, brought $276. Of this rarity seven copies only are known; and this was presumably the copy which at the Stickney sale, in Boston, last November, brought only $140. The only other copy thus far offered at auction went for $290 in the French-Chubbuck sale, 1904.

Ouida is reported to have left among a confused mass of manuscripts which at her death filled eight trunks a number of interesting letters from persons high in politics and literature. These manuscripts are now in the hands of the British Vice-Consul at Leghorn. Since the British government, in the absence of kin, is the novelist's heir, these letters will probably be returned to the writers while her autographs are likely to be sold to establish a memorial fund.

Correspondence.

THE JOHNSON MEMORIAL AT LICHFIELD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last June my predecessor in office issued an appeal for funds for the reparation and restoration of the birthplace of Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Lichfield. The house is now set apart as a Johnson library and museum, and as such is to be preserved as a memorial of our greatest citizen. Many ladies and gentlemen have subscribed liberally, but I am sorry to say the response has been inadequate for the objects in view. A great deal has been done, but much more is necessary before the birthplace is restored to its original condition, and before it can be said to be permanently safe.

With the subscriptions offered we have been enabled to restore the old bookseller's shop to as nearly as possible its original state. The modern shop front has been removed, and replaced by a double window of the period of Dr. Johnson, and the steps which led to it from that side have been indicated. The ancient floor has been made secure, the old oak beams of the ceiling have been thrown open to view, and other work has been done to restore the shop to the state in which it existed in the olden days.

We are now anxious to proceed with the birth-room above the shop, to reveal the oak panelling, and to make manifest the other features of interest which prevailed when Dr. Johnson was born. Other rooms and the roof require renovation and reparation to make them damp-proof, sanitary, and safe, and we want to put them in complete order as soon as possible.

In a short time we shall be preparing to celebrate the bicentenary of Dr. Johnson's birth, and we are undertaking this needful work of restoration in anticipation of that historical event. We wish to maintain the building as a memorial of the great and good man born there, and to hand it on to future generations of the English speaking race. To this end I appeal for

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further subscriptions, and I hope all classes will join in offering a contribution.

W. R. COLERIDGE-ROBERTS,
Mayor of Lichfield.

The Guildhall, Lichfield, Staffs., February 27.

MR. GODKIN AND THE "OWLS NEST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I failed to see in your notice of Mrs. Cunningham's "Owls Nest," February 27, any reference to the fact that the founder of the *Nation*, Mr. E. L. Godkin, was one of the interesting personages who flitted across its entertaining pages. He was closely connected, through his marriage to Miss Foote, with the Perkins family.

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

Boston, February 28.

Notes.

Among the books announced by Thomas Whittaker, Inc., for the Lenten and Easter season, may be noted the second part of "Mission Preaching for a Year," from Lent to Whitsunday, edited by the Rev. W. H. Hunt; "The Seven Words from the Cross," by the Rev. Frederick Watson; "The Pathway of the Cross," by G. T. Shettle; and "The Christian Life Here and Hereafter," by the Rev. Frederick Watson, edited by the Rev. C. B. Drake, with a preface by the Lord Bishop of Ely.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have ready this week "The Canterbury Puzzles and Other Curious Problems," by Henry Ernest Dudeney, illustrated; and a new, cheap edition, revised, of Horace Plunkett's "Ireland in the New Century."

The most important publication of Scribners for this month will be "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Henry Frowde, in connection with Chapman & Hall, is publishing a new Dickens in twenty volumes, to be known as the Eighteenpenny Illustrated Edition, from the price per volume. All the copyright letterpress and reproductions of the original illustrations are included.

Bliss Perry's excellent Life of Walt Whitman is now issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in a revised edition, with an appendix of new material. From the same house comes a revision of Mrs. Orr's "Life of Browning," by Dr. Frederic G. Kenyon, containing many new letters and other fresh documents.

Sir Clements Markham has made a translation of "Lazarillo de Tormes," the famous Spanish picaresque story. It will be published this spring.

In February, 1907, F. Hopkinson Smith gave, before the Harvard Union, an address that now appears as "Old-Fashioned Folk," with pleasant sketching of the simplicity of family life in the past generations. Mr. Smith pleads for courtesy and genuineness in this age of rushing commercialism. The R. E. Lee Co. of Boston brings out this book in a limited edition of 700 copies for sale, admirably printed and attractively bound.

"Adam Smith and Modern Sociology: A Study in the Methodology of the Social Sciences," by Albion W. Small (The University of Chicago Press) is designed to show that Adam Smith's economics are only a part of his wider social philosophy; that his isolated treatment of the wealth interest was only provisional; that Smith recognized its necessary subordination to the more fundamental canons of ethics; and that Smith's disciples have often misinterpreted their master by according to economic principles a degree of absoluteness which he never intended. The chief criticism to be passed on the book is that its main contention, while correct, was specifically elaborated twenty years ago, and that to revamp it does not require 238 pages. To substantiate this proposition—that the book's essential thesis was set forth explicitly long before Professor Small devoted himself to the task—we may cite, for example, an essay by Woodrow Wilson, entitled "An Old Master" (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893). The essayist says (pp. 16, 17):

> It is interesting to note that even this vast miscellany of thought, the "Wealth of Nations," systematized though it be, was not meant to stand alone as the exposition of a complete system; it was only a supplement to the "Theory of Moral Sentiments"; and the two together constituted only chapters in that vast book of thought which their author would have written. . . . In the "Wealth of Nations" he ignores the operation of love, of benevolence, of sympathy, and of charity in filling life with kindly influences, and concentrates his attention exclusively on the operation of self-interest and expediency; because he had reckoned with the altruistic motives in the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and he would not confuse his view of the economic life of man by again forcing these in where selfishness was unquestionably the predominant force.

Doubtless uncritical economists have often erred in their narrow exaltation of a part of Smith's philosophy into a universal system. But if, as Professor Small declares, "the extreme decline into unmorality" may most properly be instanced in the case of a single writer, the sinner worthy of "this bad eminence" might at least have his name spelled correctly. It was J. R. M'Culloch, *not* McCullock, as it is printed in the text (p. 198), and again in the index (p. 243). The proof-reading is occasionally faulty. A stray line appears at the bottom of p. 148; a decapitated sentence and paragraph on p. 149; and some contorted spelling, p. 152, line 12.

Thomas Davidson was one of those philosophers who, by their unlimited learning and their keen pursuit of one Absolute after another, arouse a feeling of reverence in some and of distrust in others. No one, at least, in the case of Davidson would fail to be impressed by the tremendous personal force of the man, of which his writings gave but an imperfect notion. In his "Memorials of Thomas Davidson" (Ginn & Co.), William Knight has undertaken to fix for a while this fleeting impression of the man himself, by writing a sketch of his life, and by adding various reminiscences of William James and others. A number of documents relating to his sociological projects in London and New York, together with letters about his philosophical studies, complete the memorial.

A volume of 415 large pages on "Ralph Waldo Emerson, sa vie et son œuvre," of which the greater part discusses his *idées générales* and their application to individual and social life, would seem to exhaust the subject, as well as the reader. M. Dugard's work is in fact too thorough in every sense of the word; it is a question whether the real spirit of Emerson is not crushed beneath so much analysis. (Paris: Armand Colin.)

It was only the other day we were bewailing the lack of a French "Who's Who," and now such a volume ("Qui êtes-vous?" imported by Lemcke & Buechner, New York) lies before us. It is designed professedly on the English original, and needs no detailed description. The comparatively small number of names (about 5,000, although the sum will no doubt be increased in future editions) permits the avoidance of abbreviations, which make "Wer Ist's" almost a torture to consult, and the arrangement of topics by paragraphs—a great convenience. Only French celebrities are included; we could wish the book were expanded to comprise all the Latin countries of Europe.

That our impressions of travel vary greatly according to the means of locomotion is Carlo Placci's apology for the pictures of travel, "In Automobile" (Milan: Treves). As we walk, ride, take the post chaise, train, or motor, he holds, our aspect of the world changes. Hence most of the older descriptions of the road must be rewritten in terms of the automobile. So evidently just seems this view that it is a disappointment to find little that is unmistakably "motoristic" in Signor Placci's fluent Italian. He is an impressionist quite as these adorers of a passive sensorium were before petrol came to their aid. He flashes a single apparition—the gaping crowds of Apulian villages, for example, and then another in the familiar kaleidoscopic way of Bourget in "Sensations d'Italie." The roads traversed with many illustrious friends, as the several dedications of the eighteen chapters show, reached from England to Algeria, but most of the routes lay in Italy. The author is perhaps at his best in disentangling mixed nationalities and civilizations, as in the charming essay on the Trentino. Maeterlinck was, we believe, the first critic of note to discuss the æsthetics of the motor car. He came to the opinion that one recalled at the end of the day nothing but the onrush itself. Signor Placci, who sees much in his flights, might well be cited to the contrary—perhaps because he regards two hundred kilometres a day as rather more than the ideal run.

Has the English schoolmaster gone to sleep in Leipzig? We have studied Carl Beck's prospectus of his projected edition of the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," only to find our wits dazed by the new English thereof. Exactly what is meant by "the arts performed in Alsatia during the fourteenth century" we are not sure. And certainly: "One source of the most valuable mediæval ones as for Christian iconography, superior even to the importance of Biblia pauperum existing by great many of modern editions," is more than cryptic. From the chapter contents we compile this necklace of gems: Apostatic angels, Creation of the primer life, three valiants bringing King David water from Bethlehem, Jesus' internment, the 5 sage maids and the 5 other foolish ones. All of which

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demonstrates that even the Middle Ages may be treated humorously.

Prof. Julius Kaftan of the theological faculty of Berlin University has just published "Drei akademische Reden" (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr). These addresses are on "Die Lehre Kants vom Katagorischen Imperativ"; "Der ethische Wert der Wissenschaft"; and "Die Einheit des Erkennens."

In commemoration of the one hundredth birthday of David Friedrich Strauss, a collection of the poems, letters, and other literary remains still in manuscript will be exhibited in the Schiller Museum, Marbach, from the middle of March to the close of the summer.

With the second part of the "Biblia Hebraica," the critical edition by Prof. R. Kittel of Leipzig, assisted by several other scholars (Leipzig: Hinrichs), is completed

Pastor Ludwig Schneller, who was born in Jerusalem and has lived there for over thirty years, has just added to his classical Apostelfahrten und Evangelienfahrten, a new work, entitled "Unter dem Halbmond Nordafrikas," with the sub-title "Kreuzfahrten durch das Gebiet einer untergegangenen Kirche" (Cologne-Marienburg: Palästinahaus). This story of a tour of investigation of the historic sites of the church of North Africa is semi-popular in character, yet critical. The book is richly illustrated.

Miss Valfrid Palmbrin of the Royal Library of Sweden, who was sent last year by the Swedish government to investigate conditions in this country, has published a preliminary report, in which she notes the following among other significant features: (1) the large freedom given to the public in the use of the library, exemplified strikingly in the open-shelf system, which, on the whole, she pronounces a great success; (2) the thoroughness with which the material in the library is indexed, making its entire resources immediately available to the student of any subject; (3) the liberality with which the wants of all classes are provided for in stocking libraries; (4) the rapidity with which borrowers are supplied (on this point the librarian of Columbia University is quoted as saying, that "while a man may sometimes wait two days and a half in the National Library at Paris to receive the books applied for, and two and a half hours in Berlin for the same purpose, in New York the desired book will be in the hand of the applicant in two and a half minutes"); (5) the large sums annually given by men of wealth to the building and endowment of libraries; (6) the generous provision for children and the systematic study of their particular problems; (7) the development of the travelling library; (8) the work of the library training schools.

The North Dakota Public Library Commission, the youngest of the twenty-seven State Library Commissions now in existence, announces the following programme for its first year of work: To organize an educational reference library, to be free to all residents of the State on payment of the cost of transportation of books; to start a legislative reference department; to reorganize and administer the 175 travelling libraries, formerly under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Education; to aid in the general library development of the State by giving such counsel as may be desired in regard to founding, building, and administering libraries.

In accordance with a suggestion made at the Cooperstown Centennial celebration last August, the Fenimore Cooper Statue Association has been formed. Its leading members are President Charles W. Eliot, Harvard; Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, Yale; Prof. Brander Matthews, Columbia; and Rudyard Kipling. The local members in Cooperstown are G. Pomeroy Keese, John Worthington, the Rev. Ralph Birdsall, and Harris L. Cooke. The object is to erect a statue of the novelist in the vicinity of his old home in Cooperstown. For this purpose, a popular appeal for funds will be made to lovers of Cooper throughout America. The project is a revival of a similar, but, as it proved, untimely plan, devised soon after Cooper's death, in 1851, by an association of which Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, and George Bancroft were members. Donald G. Mitchell, the only surviving member of that association, is a member of the present organization.

The New York City Association of High School Teachers of English has made the following recommendations to the Conference on Uniform College Entrance Requirements in English:

That the Uniform Entrance Conference be asked to recommend the publication of two volumes of poetry especially adapted to pupils of high school age: viz., one volume of lyrics, and one volume of narrative and descriptive poems. (Tentative lists of poems such as the committee had in mind were submitted.)

That the conference be requested to select a series of English and American short stories, and authorize the publication of the collection in a volume suitable for use in the schools.

That this association suggest the arrangement of the books for reading and practice in six groups, somewhat as follows:

Drama—"As You Like It," "Julius Cæsar," "Henry V.," "Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night."

Narrative and Descriptive Poetry—Chaucer's Prologue, a complete story from Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Books iii., vi., xxii., and xxiv. of a good translation of the Iliad, the Odyssey, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," selections from Byron's "Childe Harold," Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."

Lyric Poetry—The volume of lyrics suggested above.

The Essay—De Coverley Papers, Lamb's "Essays of Elia," Emerson's Essays or Orations, Stevenson's Essays, a volume of short modern essays from various authors.

The Novel or Romance—"Henry Esmond," "Lorna Doone," "The House of the Seven Gables," "Ivanhoe," "Tale of Two Cities," "Silas Marner," "Kidnapped."

The Short Story—The volume suggested above.

That the conference be requested to make the minimum requirement of books for reading and practice one from each of the six groups mentioned.

It is expected that all schools will select many more books from the groups than the six required, but it is thought desirable that the examination be limited to a number of books that it is possible to read within the year immediately preceding the preliminary examination. This plan is recommended because it seems to the association that at present there is danger of too great emphasis on special preparation on the content of books for examinations; that greater stress in examinations may wisely be laid on the pupil's power in composition, and on his ability to deal with material outside the books required for reading; that nothing is gained by examining candidates on the content of books read in the earlier years of the high school course; and that the expectation of such examination and the review for it exert a pernicious influence on the teaching of literature in the high schools.

Jacob Chamberlain, for forty-nine years a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church of America among the Telugus of southern India, died March 2 at Madanapalle, India. He was born at Sharon, Conn., in 1835, and after graduation from the Western Reserve College of Ohio in 1856, and from the Theological Seminary of Brunswick, N. J., in 1859, he studied medicine. Then he entered the missionary field. Since 1901 he had been engaged in literary work in the Telugu and Tamil languages. He was chairman of the committee for bringing out a new version of the Bible in the Telugu tongue; and he translated the liturgy of the Reformed Church into Telugu. Among his books are "In the Tiger Jungle," "The Cobra's Den," "The Bible Tested in India," "The Religions of the Orient," and "The Opportunity of the Ages."

Ludwig von Schwabe, professor of classical philology and archæology in the University of Tübingen, has died in his seventy-third year. Besides his revision of "Teuffels Geschichte der römischen Literatur," he is particularly known for his works on Catullus.

CROMER ON EGYPT.

Modern Egypt. By the Earl of Cromer. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan Co. $6 net.

Teachers of English would do well to weigh the style of these volumes. Here is a man who has never been known as a professional writer, who has had no literary practice beyond the composition of official reports; yet who now comes forward as a master of lucid statement and apt phrase, able to convey his thought vividly and precisely in language which yet attracts no more attention to itself than the dress of a woman of perfect taste. The instance shows that the writing of good English is neither a trick nor to be acquired as such. Lord Cromer drives us back to what Sainte-Beuve said of Napoleon, or Matthew Arnold of Gen. Grant—that clear-cut thinking is indispensable to the best writing. In the present case, we have, in addition to a style notable for simplicity and point, sagacious reflections, remarks which light up whole principles of government, characterizations of individuals and of races which reveal a philosophical mind with a disciplined imagination. All these are fruits of long experience and patient study. For rich content, then, as well as pleasing form, this work of a seasoned statesman is one to be not only read but pondered.

The title of the book accurately marks its scope. It is Egypt of the Khedives, of the Dual Control, of English dominance, that Lord Cromer has taken for his ample theme. Archæology is omitted. It is history in the making, and the statecraft that makes it, which we have here put before

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us. The career of Ismail Pasha is dwelt upon only to the extent of showing how his reckless extravagance, heightened by corruption and oppression, plunged his country into such a tangle of inextricable finance that the European Powers had to intervene. With rapid pen is traced the course of the successive commissions, the establishment of a Ministry, the fixing of a Civil List, the laborious reform of the finances, the Arábi rebellion, the bombardment of Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir. Larger space is given to Gordon; those powerful chapters we have dealt with in another column. Then comes the reconquest of the Sudan, and the final settlement of the government of Egypt, so far as it can be settled by outsiders, in the Anglo-French agreement of 1904. To the series of great reforms wrought in Egypt, Lord Cromer devotes summary chapters. The whole makes up a record of practical and humane statesmanship for which it would be hard to find an exact parallel. The charm of these volumes is that the work is recounted by one who was a large part of that which he describes, and whose grasp and penetration as a writer are so evidently the product of his great qualities as an administrator.

The government of Egypt is unique among all countries of the earth:

> One alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians.

As no counterpart for this can be found elsewhere, so no other system of government could apparently be so confused and incapable of being made to go, as the Egyptian. The intricate overlapping of jurisdictions and the conflict of authorities are enough to drive a political theorist to despair. Yet the Anglo-Saxon genius for successful though utterly illogical administration has triumphed even here. In a striking page, Lord Cromer, after describing the alternatives which hard logic seemingly forced upon the British in Egypt, says in words which have all the shrewdness and force of Bagehot or even Burke:

> Being debarred from the adoption of either extreme course, the Englishman fell back on the procedure which is endeared to him by habits of thought and national tradition. He adopted a middle course. He compromised. Far be it from his Anglo-Saxon mind to ask for that *situation nette* which is so dear to the logical Frenchman. He would assert his native genius by working a system which, according to every canon of political thought, was unworkable. He would not annex Egypt, but he would do as much good to the country as if he had annexed it. He would not interfere with the liberty of action of the Khedivial government, but in practice he would insist on the Khedive and the Egyptian Ministers conforming to his views. He would in theory be one of many Powers exercising equal rights, but in practice he would wield a paramount influence. He would occupy a portion of the Ottoman dominions with British troops, but at the same time he would do nothing to infringe the legitimate rights of the Sultan. He would not break his promise to the Frenchman, but he would wrap it in a napkin, to be produced on some more convenient occasion. In a word, he would act with all the practical common sense, the scorn for theory, and the total absence of any fixed plan based on logical reasoning, which are the distinguishing features of his race.

It is dogged as does it. That seems to have been the motto of the English in Egypt, and a good part of the explanation of their success there. They have come back to their problem day after day, until at last it has had reluctantly to yield its solution. It was the application on an immense scale of the qualities of a business man. For these, Lord Cromer has a kindling admiration. About Kitchener as a soldier he says little, but testifies warmly that "he was an excellent man of business"; he did not overrun his financial estimates of the cost of a military expedition, and he had the virtue, rare among soldiers, of not thinking that "extravagance was the necessary handmaid of efficiency." That it had been both extravagant and inefficient, was the curse of Egyptian financial administration. The spirit in which Lord Cromer set about reform is indicated in a characteristic passage:

> Finance is often considered a repellent subject, and, because it is repellent, it has gained a reputation of being more difficult to understand than is really the case. There are, indeed, some few economic and currency questions which are abstruse, but the difficulty of understanding even these has been in no small degree increased by the cloud of words with which writers on subjects of this sort often surround issues in themselves simple. One merit of the Egyptian financial situation was this, that no semi-insoluble economic problem lurked between the leaves of the Budget. The finance minister has not, as in India, to deal with a congested population, of whom a large percentage were in normal times living on the verge of starvation. He never had to refer to the pages of Malthus or Mill, of Ricardo or Bastiat. The complications arising from a bewildering political situation had done a good deal to obscure the problems which he had to solve, and to hinder their solution. But, in truth, all that was required in Egypt, in order to understand the situation, was a knowledge of arithmetic, patience to unravel the cumbersome system of accounts which was the offspring of internationalism, and a sturdy recognition of the fact that neither an individual nor a state can with impunity go on living for an indefinite period above his or its income.

We have not space to follow Lord Cromer into the detail of Egyptian reforms. How "the three C's"—the courbash, the corvée, and corruption—were attacked he narrates with full exposition of the difficulties and frank confession that the triumph has not been complete. What engineering has done for the soil, and education for the people, he lays before us. When all is said, what is his final attitude? We note at once that Lord Cromer is modest beyond the wont of our imperialist travellers. His thirty years on the spot have left him more distrustful of his own infallibility than Senator Beveridge's thirty days left him.

> I was for some while in Egypt before I fully realized how little I understood my subject; and I found, to the last day of my residence in that country, that I was constantly learning something new.

Lord Cromer is deeply impressed with the great gulf fixed between the Oriental and the Western mind. A European may fancy that he understands a child of the East perfectly, but one day he suddenly finds himself "in the presence of a mind which is as strange to him as would be the mind of an inhabitant of Saturn." With no complacency in his own judgment, therefore, Lord Cromer ventures on certain forecasts of the future. He thinks that England should not annex Egypt. The destiny of that country is to be self-governing. To that he looks forward, though not until after a long time has elapsed. It is well, he argues, not to attempt to hold Egypt too closely. The bonds which bind her to Britain are brittle; moreover, they are "not liked." To admit this is a part of Lord Cromer's clear-sightedness. In spite of all that has been done for the Egyptians, they are not grateful. They perversely want Egypt for the Egyptians, and Lord Cromer thinks that in time they should have it. He distinctly expresses his sympathy with the national movement. But this is only of a piece with the singular large-mindedness of Lord Cromer's attitude throughout these volumes. In them we get much more than historical records and political discussions; we get the overflow of a full and powerful mind. The book is so noteworthy because the intellect and the character which have gone to its making are so exceptional. Lord Cromer is not only a great administrator; he stands before us as a great thinker.

CURRENT FICTION.

On the Knees of the Gods. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The date is 415 B. C. "Clotho, that skilled spinner of men's fates, was busy with her secret, dark designs. As though in sinister sport, far and wide she cast her dread threads. For a Corinthian merchant lay dying, and Maia would soon be free." This beautiful slave girl, who had given her heart to Ion, the athletic son of an Athenian merchant prince, would now be in a position to prove the sincerity of her vows. But, greatly to her distress, she discovered that her lover had protested too much; already his betrothal to a daughter of the Athenian aristocracy had been declared. To be sure, it was only a father's ambition that had goaded him to the match. Myrto was not perfectly to his liking. Her features were those of Phidias's "famous Juno," whereas Ion would have preferred, he said, "a wife who resembled an Aphrodite—the Juno-type is not, and never was, to my liking." Nor was Myrto herself quite happy, for she had already a handsome, though unacknowledged lover of her own, Timoleon.

Clotho spins on. The reader is reminded of the mystery that enshrouds Maia's origin: a foundling, left amongst the tombs, with a locket round her infant neck. Now she resolves upon a systematic hunt for her mother, who—she seems to feel it instinctively—is still alive, longing for her lost child. Meanwhile Ion embarks on the disastrous Syracusan expedition, and is given up for lost. Timoleon wins the hand of Myrto. Maia searches for Ion in the prison quarries of Sicily, finds him, nurses him back to vigor, brings him to Athens. And now, wondrous to relate, it transpires that Maia, the ex-slave, is none other than the long lost sister of Myrto.

> Indeed—yes. I am Maia. Lost Maia! Oh Mother, take me to your heart." . . . Then [so closes the story] taking the moved face between her hands, Hermione searched it as though it was a scroll. A cry rang up that pierced the air. For Hermione knew her daughter. And the two women clung together, and wept as they clung.

It only remains to add that, in the course of the narrative, the reader is given a full account of a stirring chariot race at Olympia; and that such notable figures

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of the time as Socrates and Alcibiades are frequently met with. We venture the suggestion that, in another volume, the author might depict for us the grandeur that was Rome. No need to devise a brand new plot: let Clotho respin the old; the habit must be strong upon her by this; and, after all, the product could not be any more hectic, illiterate, or futile than "On the Knees of the Gods."

The Black Bag. By Louis Joseph Vance. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The charm of true picaresque adventures never palls; it is only the feeble invention of it, the trumped up rascals and galvanized activities thereof, which are a weariness and an offence to the reader of current fiction. "The Black Bag" is probably not a masterpiece, but it has certain very pleasing qualities. These persons and their exploits are absurd enough and not too absurd. The plot is not without complications, and yet is free of the air of cold contrivance which hangs about so many of our clever novels of the hour. The most engaging thing about it is its youthfulness, its buoyancy, its joy of motion. One thinks of Louis Joseph Vance as a very young man, a cheerful undergraduate who takes everything quite light-heartedly and seriously. No doubt he admires his heroine sincerely; she is just the kind of girl one would like for a partner at a "Prom." or on Class Day. The hero is that envied person, the young alumnus abroad. There is no mistaking the gusto with which the tale is told. "Upon a certain dreary April afternoon in the year of grace, 1906," our young gentleman, described as "Artiste-peintre," finds his pleasant life suddenly concluded by the loss of all his property in the San Francisco disaster, and himself in London with just enough money to get home. He is advised not to return, as there is nothing left for him in San Francisco, but nobly determines to go back, and "fight it out shoulder to shoulder with his brethren in adversity." Unfortunately for this plan, the girl appears on the scene, and in the immediately devolving duty of rescuing her and her jewels from a trio of villains, one of whom figures as her father, our cheerful Philip promptly and permanently loses sight of his brethren in adversity. The species of pursuit which ensues, with a Gladstone bag full of jewels as prize, is sufficiently spirited and amusing.

Ten to Seventeen. By Josephine Daskam Bacon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Since the joyous day when "The Madness of Philip" took its place among classics of infant depravity, a new book by Philip's sponsor may be counted upon as a fresh if not permanent addition to the sum of human gayety. This "Boarding School Diary" does not disappoint the adult reader at least; the contemporaries of Roberta, Connie, and Ben would probably think it both tiresome and silly, for the foibles common to imaginative girls of the designated age are certainly ridiculed to make an Olympian holiday. It is amusing reading, in spite of a certain suggestion of coarseness which makes one feel that while the Elmbank girls have apparently never undergone the snickering age, their chronicler has not yet outgrown it. The incidental poems, one "for each Event, just as in real books, at the top of chapters, and in Mr. Kipling's stories," will touch a chord of remembrance in the mind of any one who has ever edited a school paper. They are truthfully done and bad to the verge of excellence, all but "The Unseen Playmate," which is a lyric of real and haunting charm.

The Greater Mischief. By Margaret Westrup. New York: Harper & Bros.

Some years before the opening of the story, Susan Fielding lost her husband in a shipwreck off the Irish coast. The shock of the disaster brought on a dangerous illness, and when, weeks later, she was allowed to have her infant child again, she did not at once recognize it. From this basis is developed an elaborate plot, which includes a new and happily ending love affair for Susan. It cannot be said that the author has succeeded in rendering this rather factitious plot very plausible. But it is undeniable that the character of Susan Fielding, as a study of motherhood under certain highly specialized conditions, is admirably and powerfully rendered. Speaking generally, the personages of the story (including Euphemia, a truly comical dog) are realized far more vividly than in the run of contemporary novels. It is a pity that their effectiveness should be so often endangered by the coil of a futile and overingenious plot.

Gotty and the Guv'nor. By Arthur E. Copping; with 24 illustrations by Will Owen. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The text of this book is hardly worth the pictures. This is unlucky, since they are in Mr. Owens's most delightful manner. This illustrator has a habit of really illustrating, a rare thing in this day of spoiled and indifferent draughtsmen. When the author describes one of his persons as "a tall man with a square face and white trousers," it does not occur to Mr. Owen to represent him as anything else. To be sure, he cannot help representing him as something more, reinforcing the rather thin and forced humor of the text by a pictorial humor both rich and fine. The adventures of Skipper "Gotty" and his employer are of a sort amusing enough in real life but merely trifling on paper, unless a good deal embellished by the fancy of the recorder. Mr. Copping reminds us a little of the beaming gentleman who has always just seen a funny thing, funniest thing you ever saw in your life, the humor of which in his version of it seems to you much diluted.

Epistolæ Ho-elianæ: or the Familiar Letters of James Howell. With an introduction by Agnes Repplier. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

When Joseph Jacobs edited an edition of the "Familiar Letters" some fifteen years ago, he remarked that strangely enough there had not been for 130 years a reprint of this former favorite. To us, however, this neglect of Howell seems less surprising. He was one of the first in this field of literary enterprise, and for a century his Letters were popular as a sort of novelty. Then other writers came forward with letters more genuinely familiar—Swift, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Walpole, Cowper, and others—to overshadow Howell. Moreover, Howell's writing is filled with allusion to passing events, which, after a generation or two, were completely forgotten except by students of the period. Thus it happened that for a long time enough second-hand copies were on the market to supply the demand for "Epistolæ Ho-elianæ." But a revived interest in Howell is indicated by a pretty edition in Dent's Temple Classics and by the present beautifully printed volumes. And for the reader who is not scrupulous to run down the meaning of every casual reference, this classic offers abundant entertainment.

For Howell was eminently a man of the world. Born, probably in 1594, the son of a Welsh clergyman, he was educated at Jesus College, Oxford. He travelled much abroad, in the Low Countries, France, Spain, and Italy, on business connected with a glassware manufactory in London, and he became an accomplished linguist. In 1622 he visited Spain and went thence to Sardinia, in a vain endeavor to obtain satisfaction for the seizure by the viceroy of Sardinia of a richly laden ship belonging to the Turkey company; and he was in Madrid when Prince Charles, accompanied by Buckingham, came to woo the Spanish Infanta. He was secretary of an extraordinary embassy to Denmark; he filled various appointments in the civil service. In 1643 he was sent to Fleet prison, partly for political reasons, partly, perhaps, because of his debts; soon after the execution of Charles I. he was liberated, and at the Restoration he was appointed historiographer royal. With the chief literary men of his day, including Ben Jonson, he was on friendly footing; certainly they could not be jealous of the mediocre verse of which Howell produced a large amount. Such are the scenes, such the activities mirrored in Howell's Letters.

One obvious source of popularity is the ease of his style. When we remember that he was the contemporary of Hobbes, Walton, and Sir Thomas Browne, we are astonished at the simplicity and shortness of his sentences. He is a forerunner of Dryden in making English prose the flexible instrument it became in the eighteenth century. Nor was this characteristic of his style an accident; he deliberately adopted it. On his very first page, speaking of the difference between a letter and an oration, he says:

> The latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes; but a letter or epistle should be short-coated, and closely couched; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed, we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in succinct and short terms.

So succinct and free from involution is Howell that not a single sentence calls for a second reading.

But Howell's mastery of the technical side of his craft, indicative though it be of a clear and orderly mind, cannot make every page interesting. There is, as we have said, much space devoted to matters that are of trivial import to the modern reader, even the educated, to whom alone this book can appeal. Here one must turn the leaves quickly. A more serious defect is that too many of these letters are a

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pretence. They never were really written as printed. Discrepancies of all sorts prove that Howell composed some of them years after the event, to keep the printer busy. They are merely what he might have written had he thought to do so at the time, and consequently the falsetto note is common. We do not now allude to the essays of one sort and another—like those on the languages of Europe. These we accept without difficulty for what they are. But the pompous and pious commonplaces, in a forced style, become tiresome. At the beginning we are entertained, as by this sentence from his first letter to his father:

I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught that the parents' benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous.—(I., 8.).

But after fifty or more passages in a similar vein we reach the limit of our patience at this farewell to a friend who is mortally ill:

God gave you a bon voyage to the haven you are bound for (which I doubt not will be heaven), and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches. While others sail in the sleeve of fortune you and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence and otherwise, both in verse and prose. Therefore, I will take my last leave of you now in these few stanzas.—(II., 301.)

With due allowance for the change of conventions in two hundred and forty years, and with allowance also for the current taste for literary conceits, we cannot make anything of this but posturing.

Notwithstanding these deductions a heavy balance remains to the credit of Howell. A man far inferior in powers of observation and expression could, with such opportunities for travel, make an interesting book. The volumes contain much that is quotable about the people he saw and the events in which he participated. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, in the preface to "Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage," puts Howell in "the list of writers whom it is impossible to use with confidence," but untrustworthy or not, his account of the arrival of Prince Charles in Spain, and of the subsequent doings is a lively story, livelier, perhaps, than the cold facts. It is a pretty tale—how the prince jumped the wall of the orchard in which the Infanta took her morning walk, and how "she, spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back." "The Spaniards themselves confess there was never princess so bravely wooed," even though the match was finally broken off. Then, too, there are his circumstantial details of the assassination of Henry IV. of France and of Buckingham, and the numberless amusing anecdotes which, whatever their historical basis, are at least true to the temper of the age.

For this is something from which Howell, despite his small hypocrisies, could not escape. With his odds and ends of gossip and of comment he paints us an admirable picture of the time, with its religious zeal, its credulity, and superstition, its cruelty and disregard of human life. He tells us, for instance, of his Edinburgh landlord, who fell into a dispute with a shoemaker on the subject of bishops; and "the shoemaker grew very furious and called them the firebrands of hell, the panders of the whore of Babylon, and the instruments of the Devil." All of which reminds us of Calvin's hatred of bishops, or of Milton's dictum: "Episcopacy before all our eyes worsens and sluggs the most learned and seeming religious of our ministers." Then there are tales of curious or impossible maladies—of "the young man of twenty-one" who lived in High Holborn. "Being dissected after his death, there was a kind of serpent with divers tails found in the left ventricle of his heart." For some time this man's eye had grown "more sharp and fiery, like the eye of a cock, which is next to a serpent's eye in redness." Whence Howell concludes that "the symptoms of his inward disease might have been told by certain exterior rays and signatures." Howell is also interested in the report that on four different occasions when death occurred in the Oxenham family a "bird with a white breast was seen fluttering about the bed and so vanished." And behind all these shifting scenes which he chronicles is the sombre background of war—sieges on the Continent and civil war in England. Whatever else might happen, war was the one great fact to be reckoned with. It gave a poignancy scarcely comprehensible to-day to that prayer to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death.

In some aspects of his writing Howell was a forerunner of the modern journalist; and though he was but an amateur, his judgment as to the significance of events seems about as sound as that of his highly trained professional successors. He records, indeed, many trivial and inconsequent happenings; but for this no twentieth-century journalist can throw a stone at him. He seems not to have grasped the importance of Charles's ship-money tax and the full strength of the undercurrent of discontent with that luckless monarch. Under date of August 1, 1633, Howell writes rather lightly:

There is some murmuring against the ship money, because the tax is indefinite, as also by reason that it is levied upon the country towns as well as maritime, and for that they say Noy himself cannot show any record. There are also divers patents granted, which are muttered at as being no better than monopolies.

But Howell's Letters, viewed as a contribution to journalism, drive us to the old conclusion that the enormous development of our facilities for gathering and distributing news has improved little or not at all our capacity for interpreting it. Telegraphs and telephones, typesetting machines, swift presses, and express trains leave the human mind and its powers just where they were in the seventeenth century, or the age of Plato. The daily serves us with a thousand fresh facts every morning, but as to what they all mean and whither they ultimately tend, we know no more than our grandfathers.

Miss Repplier's Introduction is in her usual manner, discriminating, appreciative, and felicitous. The book would be more interesting for an occasional footnote as to persons or events; and far more useful were there an index, or even a table of contents. We do not ask for Howell with an elaborate critical apparatus, but at least an index is indispensable.

A Princess of the Old World. By Eleanor C. Price. New York: G. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

The Queen of Letter Writers. By Janet Aldis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The Salon. By Helen Clergue. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Literary Rambles in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

In the first three volumes of the above list is illustrated *le triomphe des dames* (to use Gerzan's phrase) during the period which accorded the amplest recognition to their social supremacy; and from Mademoiselle de Montpensier of the blood royal to Madame Geoffrin of the bourgeoisie, we are presented with a set of portraits of successive Frenchwomen exemplifying the diplomatic adaptibility of their race under widely varying conditions. These studies, which are of unequal merit, are designed for popular reading, without any successful attempt at original interpretation of life, character, or times.

The story of *La Grande Mademoiselle* as retold by Miss Price, is, however, an exceedingly finished and accurate presentation of Louis XIV's dashing cousin, with abundant references from contemporary memoirs, and most of the later important authorities. The book thus offers a comprehensive retrospect of the epoch with the *grande dame* in the leading feminine part. It is worthy of note that the narrative of *La Fronde* is here conducted with combined equity and spirit. Exception might be taken to the stress laid on the first twenty years of the Princess's life, to which is allotted much more than one-third of the volume; the six years of *La Fronde* fill nearly as much, while the remaining forty-one are more summarily dealt with. Miss Price's view is that the entanglement with Lauzun reduces one's interest in the lady, whose influence, whether social or political, waned sensibly after that uninviting episode. How carefully the abundant material has been sifted appears from the rapid sketches of character and situation—Mazarin, Henrietta Maria, Condé, etc.—and from the aptly-quoted Mazarinades, or other squibs, serving as chapter headings. This biography glides over unsavory gossip.

Madame de Sévigné as treated by Miss Aldis fares less happily, for as was the case with the author's "Madame Geoffrin" (noticed in the *Nation* of January 18, 1906, p. 55), we find the "Queen of Letter Writers" screened and overshadowed by her retinue. This appears to be in keeping with the spirit which leads to the following expansion of an undisputed opinion:

Is it not a truism that the elusive quality called "charm" can irradiate a plain face into something more alluring than beauty, while the lack of its leaves perfect features a mere dull mask of cold inanity? (p. 27).

Monsieur de la Palisse himself could not better this. Several chapters in this work narrate abundantly familiar but hardly essential passages in history or literature, such as the account of the Hôtel de Rambouillet (ch. iv.), and the over-elaborated

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tale of Fouquet's extravagance and ruin (ch. xiii., etc.). The biographical element thus outweighs literary discussion. It is difficult to understand why a book on Madame de Sévigné, though containing manifold quotation from the inimitable letters (in extremely literal translation), devotes not a single chapter of disquisition or appreciation to the one attribute singled out in the title page.

"The ethical viewpoint of the age," Miss Clergue holds, must be understood before embarking on any examination of the hostesses, who constitute the topic of her work. Her introduction seeks to describe the growth of the social institutions which rendered such lives possible, while emphasizing the point that feminine qualities and capacities were, after all, the *causa causans*. Any one so privileged as to obtain introduction to cultivated French society at the present time may see exactly the same combination of tactful leadership, suggested and never imposed, with true unselfishness and engaging simplicity—all the difference, in short, between Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and Lady Holland. The details of this development given by Miss Clergue, are accurate, but not unfamiliar. Of the following studies, five in number, dealing with famous hostesses of the eighteenth century, the same remark holds good, for in these essays are merely embodied the results of compilation from authorities in no sense difficult of access. Offhand literary declarations occasionally call for revision. Thus, although a note (p. 165) declares that Rousseau was "of purely French extraction," it needs no very shrewd discrimination to find in most of his work the ineradicable tendency to ethical didacticism which stamps the Genevese literary breed, and indeed characterizes to this day much of the writing of Protestant Switzerland. Again, Diderot's "Le Père de Famille," played in 1761, though in one sense a dramatic point of departure as a completely bourgeois play, is not an unprecedented breach with the dramatic practice of France; it combines already existing elements, rather than truly innovates (p. 182).

With Miss Betham-Edwards as a guide, any corner of contemporary France becomes interesting. She and Mme. Duclaux (A. M. F. Robinson) are among the few foreign women who write about France, after years of residence, with the finer *flair* which comes only through sympathetic attraction. The present volume is composed apparently of miscellaneous magazine articles of travel, with a casual touch of judgment or appreciation. Every sketch reveals the charms of provincial town or landscape in the country of which Shelley declared that it contained nothing to see. Limoges and Saumur thus commemorate Balzac; with Brantôme and Périgueux are associated Bourdeilles and Montaigne; to Nohant we trace "The Footsteps of George Sand"; in Brittany we find Souvestre; in Amiens, Gresset. Besides these reminders of past authors, the volume indulges freely in literary chat, local description both light and accurate in touch, and various impressions derived from special knowledge of French life. We can vouch for the truth of the pictures of Rocamadour, Périgueux, Vézelay, and Limoges. Such slips as Henrietta (for Helen) Maria Williams (p. 39) indicate over-rapid proofreading.

Napoleon: A Biographical Study. By Dr. Max Lenz; translated from the German by Frederic Whyte. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

The author is known for the best biography of Bismarck we have, but he will not add to his reputation by the present book. It is not in any sense a work of erudition, being devoid of both footnotes and preface, though the author has investigated with some care the writings and sayings of Napoleon. It is on this, on the character of the man as he reveals himself in documentary material, that Dr. Lenz insists, though even at this point his presentation is neither novel nor striking. If the note varies from that of other biographers, it is in that Napoleon is made to appear a little nebulous, a trifle inclined towards Teutonic idealism—"his soul," as Dr. Lenz puts it, "weighted with feelings of loneliness and vague melancholy." So largely is the author absorbed in this aspect of his hero, that one almost forgets Napoleon was a soldier, half a dozen perfunctory and not very convincing lines disposing of his greatest battles.

The standard of accuracy is moderate. Thus on two consecutive pages, 300, 301, the following corrections have to be made: "The English [Sir John Moore] had landed at Corunna and ventured on a sudden advance into the interior"; they did not land at Corunna, or anywhere near it, and their advance was a deeply significant movement. We are then told that the intrigue of Fouché and Talleyrand in 1808 was for the object of putting an end to Napoleon's power, whereas the real import of the intrigue was the fact that Napoleon's plunging into the Spanish war had opened the eyes of these two astute observers to the immensity of the risk he was running; their intrigue was to provide a successor to Napoleon should he come to a sudden end—a point which Dr. Lenz does not understand, as his opening paragraph on page 301 further shows. These errors, trifling though they may appear, demonstrate that Dr. Lenz is often far from catching the true significance of the events he narrates; many similar ones may be found. Even in the matter of style, in the English translation at all events, the author is not very satisfying; he is verbose and inelegant. One must on the whole conclude that, although the book is not entirely without interest on the side of the character of Napoleon the noncombatant, it was hardly worth the honor of translation.

Studies, Historical and Critical. By Pasquale Villari; translated by Linda Villari. Photogravure illustrations. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75 net.

Since Mommsen's death, Prof. Villari has been the dean of European historians, and, although he has recently celebrated his eightieth birthday, he is still actively teaching and writing. It is nearly fifty years since he won an international reputation by his life of Savonarola. Since then he has written on Machiavelli, on various periods of Florentine history, and on many smaller topics. He has, besides, educated a whole generation of Italian historical students, served as Minister of Education, and taken a leading part, by speeches and pamphlets, in the great social questions which have confronted Italy since her unification.

We welcome this volume of essays, because they will introduce to English readers one of the weightiest writers of his generation, and, through him, several interesting modern Italians. Prof. Villari's longest paper—"Is History a Science"—discusses on all sides a question which still perplexes a certain class of minds. He begins with Buckle, proceeds through Lorenz, Bernheim, Seeley, Freeman, and their school (who mistook, as we think, *scientific method* for *science*), and comes down to the present, with the late Henry Sidgwick's criticism of "The Historical Method," and Prof. Karl Lamprecht's dictum that history is only applied psychology. Prof. Villari concludes his review with a statement of his own position. As he is as thoroughgoing as a German pedant in his application of the scientific method to research, his opinions ought to command a hearing in quarters where the dry-as-dust theory of historical study still prevails.

Of the other essays, one summarizes the youth of Count Cavour so pithily that it offers the best twenty-page description accessible in English of the apprenticeship of that statesman. Another is devoted to Luigi Settembrini, professor, patriot, prisoner in Bomba's dungeons, and literary historian. The subject of the third biographical paper, Francesco De Sanctis, was the foremost Italian critic of his century, a philosopher and patriot, and a wonderful inspirer of youth. Villari was his pupil and friend, and in the portrait which he sketches he amply justifies his admiration for the powerful mind and lofty character of De Sanctis, whose critical work has been almost wholly neglected outside of Italy. Of another Neapolitan contemporary, his brother-in-law, Domenico Morelli, Professor Villari gives an intimate study. Morelli stands out among the Italian painters of the last half-century, and this description of him combines the man and the artist so skilfully that one explains the other. The last two essays are on Donatello and Savonarola.

This inventory can give no idea of the variety of interest in Professor Villari's papers; but it may at least suggest what a rich equipment he has for writing history. Literature, criticism, and art are for him not less important than "original sources" as means to historical study. In this respect he resembles the great British historians, who have never divorced history from the highest human concerns, and who have usually—like Gibbon, Grote, and Macaulay in the past, and John Morley and James Bryce to-day—taken part in public life. We close with a single quotation, which is a fair sample of Professor Villari's quality, and of the excellent translation which Signora Villari has made:

So long as Homer, Virgil, and Dante are only shown to boys on the anatomical table, where we professors have already dissected them, robbed them of life, and destroyed the inner spirit that had throbbed for ages in their immortal works, we might as well teach the boys algebra or chemistry, and pretend to train their æsthetic taste by that method! We have exchanged purposes for appliances, converted method into the end of learning.

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A Short History of Greek Literature. By Wilmer Cave Wright. New York: American Book Co. $1.50.

The writer of a history of Greek or Latin literature has nowadays a peculiarly complicated task. He must have learning, and a detailed acquaintance at first hand with the whole range of the authors whom he professes to summarize and to appreciate, to weigh and to trace out their relations and mutual dependence. He must also have read an immense mass of disquisitions and discussions; for he must know the main body of the opinions of other scholars up to the most recent date. He must digest all these as best he may, and then, if possible, come with a clear head and a light heart to the actual matter and manner of his authors. If they possess literary beauty, he must, first or last, taste these beauties, with a spirit free from prepossessions, unencumbered by the embarrassments of erudition. He must in short be saturated with learning, and yet forget his learning, when he uses the inward eye. Again, he must have some native æsthetic endowment, trained by the wide reading of great literatures, which alone begets the cultivated and genuine critic. He must, if possible, contribute something fresh himself, some individual point of view. He must, moreover, have a turn for expression. He must not plod along like a plough-horse when he is trying to convey an impression of the airy flights of Pegasus. Moreover, it is reasonable to require from an historian of literature some knowledge of human nature, which the linguist, or the scholar, *qua* scholar, does not necessarily possess. He should have some practical insight into the workings of the human heart, some knowledge of the history of ethical standards, and some imagination in applying them. For example, what sort of woman was Sappho? Are we to trust Welcker, or Mr. Winter's opinion? How came the author of the "Oration on the Crown" to disappoint us by taking a bribe? Was not Aristophanes rather dense in his presentation of Socrates? Or, was he merely fooling? Last of all, it is easier to compose a history of literature on the scale of the Croisets, who have ample room and verge, than to preserve proportion and perspective in a "Short History of Greek Literature" which includes ten or twelve centuries.

This, then, is the Herculean labor (shall we say Amazonian?) which Professor Wright has undertaken, and which she has completed, it is fair to say, in accordance with the exacting details specified above. The sketch of the Homeric question, notwithstanding its brevity, is one of the most readable and complete, within its limits. The wave of scepticism has receded somewhat since Wolf and Grote. We know more about ballad poetry: a critic like M. Bréal is in a position to speak of its characteristics with more authority and insight than Wolf. Schliemann and Dörpfield have discovered for us an historical background which Grote largely rejected, or hardly dreamed of. The contradictions and *cruces* in the problem are well brought out. The discrepancies which offend many German scholars exist, as Mrs. Wright shows, only in their own standards and imagination. As Professor Wright says, "the duel between Paris and Menelaus did not trouble the logical sense of a court audience listening spell-bound after a banquet"; and again:

There is not in the whole body of Homeric epic, a single discrepancy of detail which we could not throw into the shade by parallels from Cervantes, Scott, and Thackeray, to range no further.

Nothing in this volume is more sympathetic and satisfactory than the little monograph on Theocritus. The writer permits herself the digressive remark that the genuine pastoral flourishes only under balmy semi-tropical skies. Though the Irish are poetic, "the sun of Ireland shines too cold" for the pastoral. Hence, too, the English pastoral is mostly laid in an artificial Arcadia, less plausible than Tasso's "which never was on land or sea." It is a reflection of a reflection, the echo of an echo. But the pastoral which is not an imitation, which has simply received the electric shock of contact with Theocritus, springs once more from fresh earth with native and authentic charm in such verses as Bracciolini's "Ravanello alla Nenciotta," and Nenciotta's reply. Next to the sketch of Theocritus, we may note the admirable appreciations of Herodas and of Menander.

Professor Wright's manual touches on everything down to the Sapphic ode, the Pæan of Isyllus, the nome of Timotheus, the Delphic hymns. The bibliographies do not of course aim at completeness; they might have mentioned Headlam's article on Herodas in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and his later strictures on Nairn's edition; under Plutarch, Perrin's admirable "Themistocles and Aristides." On the whole it may be said that this little book should have a wide circle of usefulness. Adequate learning, wide reading, the critical equipment, good taste and good judgment, a pleasing and readable style, a thread of individuality shining through the mass of the material—these are the qualities which impart to this small manual genuine value beyond its modest pretensions.

Under the Syrian Sun: The Lebanon, Baalbek, Galilee, and Judæa. By A. C. Inchbold; with 40 full-page colored plates and eight black-and-white drawings by Stanley Inchbold. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6 net.

Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus: Three Chief Cities of the Egyptian Sultans. By D. S. Margoliouth; with Illustrations in color by W. S. S. Tyrwhitt. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. and Mrs. Inchbold did not travel as ordinary tourists. They spent some two years in Syria and Palestine, settling down first in one town or village and then in another, making each place the centre of excursions into the surrounding country. And first of all, Mr. Inchbold devoted some four or five months to the study of Arabic, that he might be independent of a dragoman, coming finally, so he tells us, to be counted by the natives "as *ibn-el-blad*, a son of the country." Both Mr. and Mrs. Inchbold appear to have entered into peculiarly cordial relations with the natives, receiving and accepting invitations to weddings, circumcisions, and other festivities, and becoming fairly well acquainted with the real life of the people. The travellers were also present in Baalbek on the occasion when the German engineers restored to its place the keystone of the great portal of the Temple of Jupiter; they visited Bethlehem at Christmas; saw the holy fire at Jerusalem at Easter; and at Epiphany witnessed that extraordinary scene of the immersion of the Russian pilgrims in the Jordan. They were the guests of the Druses at Daliyeh on Mt. Carmel, where Lawrence and Alice Oliphant once made their home, and they visited the picturesque Greek penal monasteries at Quarantana and in the Wady Kelt.

Mrs. Inchbold describes the country and their experiences with vivacity, and some of her accounts of the people, their sayings, and their doings, are extremely interesting. When, however, she ventures out of her proper field and undertakes to explain the religion of the Druses, or discourse on history or archæology, she cannot always be safely followed. For instance, in vol. II., p. 324, writing of Mt. Carmel on the Mediterranean, she mentions King Uzziah of Judah as having had his vineyards there; and there also she places "the man Nabal who had great possessions in Carmel," and whose wife, Abigail, David married after he had frightened Nabal to death. Evidently she is quite unaware of the fact, familiar to the ordinary Bible student, that the Carmel of these incidents lay in quite a different region, in the Judaean Mountains some distance southward of Jerusalem. Mrs. Inchbold's descriptions of the scenery, the wonderful coloring of the sunsets, nature's marvellous springtide flower festival and the like, are full of enthusiasm; but the frequent repetition of such descriptions, at considerable length, and in a rather florid style, with similar runs and thrills of ecstacy, becomes tedious. After reading thirty-five chapters full of word painting, it is a relief to come upon chapter xxxvi., the "Experiences of the Artist," in simple and direct language.

The *raison d'être* of this book, however, is not so much Mrs. Inchbold's descriptions as Mr. Inchbold's pictures. The coloring is in general very vivid, and, if you look at them consecutively, with a strong light, they produce somewhat the same impression as Mrs. Inchbold's style. But if you take them separately, and especially on an "English" day, you will appreciate their full charm. One of the peculiarities of Syrian scenery is its coloring, which no photographs can reproduce; and in reality the tints of these plates are not too intense for subjects painted under the Syrian sun.

"Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus" is quite frankly a picture album. The letter-press has been composed "as a relief from the labor of editing and translating Arabic texts," to accompany the illustrations. It must frankly be said that the history of Cairo here given is dreary reading. It is a succession of monotonous murders and usurpations, varied with accounts of the buildings, which are too detailed to be appreciated without plans or drawings in addition to the pictures. Of Jerusalem we have a sketch from the time of David down to the present, with special reference to the buildings, and particularly the history of those which have stood on the present Haram area. The section on Damascus differs from the other two in

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that there is practically nothing about the history before the Arabic conquest, and in that the author has made use of contemporary Arabic accounts of various captures of the city by Arabs, Mongols, and others, accounts which, though often rather tedious, after the manner of that kind, contain also some very interesting facts, with occasional romantic and picturesque incidents. He has added as an appendix a new report of the massacre of the Christians in 1860 and the philanthropy and heroism of the noble Algerian exile, Abd-al-Kadir, by which so many lives were saved. The publication in English of this record is a welcome contribution to the history of these massacres.

Mr. Inchbold's pictures exhibit chiefly the country and out-of-door life, native types and costumes, scenic effects of mountain, plain, and lake; some of the sketches, like the Rain Effect over the Dead Sea and Jericho (p. 476) are gems. In contrast, Mr. Tyrwhitt deals with interior effects and city scenes. In this one volume he offers fifty-eight colored plates and four line drawings. The greater part of these, depicting the streets of Cairo, are beautifully executed with carefully worked-out detail. The two pictures of the Sphinx and the neighboring desert are less satisfactory. The pictures of Jerusalem are almost exclusively confined to the Dome of the Rock and the surrounding area within the Haram enclosure; and they convey, even to one familiar with the scene, a new conception of the picturesqueness and beauty of the sacred area and its buildings. Mr. Tyrwhitt's keen appreciation of the visual charm of Oriental cities is well shown in his pictures of Damascus and also in their arrangement. We are introduced to the city first by that beautiful outlook from Salahiyeh, which must linger in the mind of every one who has seen it: in the distance, a brown and arid expanse of desert; just below, a luxuriant forest; and in the very centre of this the roofs of the city, with graceful minarets and domes. In other sketches we get fascinating glimpses of the River Baradah within and just without the walls, the strange confusion of covered bazaars, at once street, restaurant and shop, where groaning camels and their drivers wind in and out among the buyers and sellers, drinkers of coffee, and sippers of sherbet.

Both books are welcome additions to the literature of Oriental travel. They are not done with when once read, but will be taken up from time to time for renewed study, because they are in reality picture galleries.

The Formation of the New Testament. By George Hooper Ferris. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 90 cents net.

For a long period theological debates have arisen over the extent and method of inspiration, and the changes have been rung on "verbal inspiration," "plenary inspiration," and various other methods of divine providence in the production of literature. The conservatives have usually had the better of the argument in point of logic, but the liberals have steadily won by appeal to fact. It has seemingly occurred to few of the contestants on either side to inquire into the historical basis of the fundamental notion of an authoritative body of literature. The necessity of a fixed rule of faith, to which final appeal must be made in all matters of belief and practice, has been quietly taken for granted. The disputants have differed over what belongs in the canon, and as to how its various elements should be interpreted and related to each other, but the rightfulness of the idea of an authoritative canon of sacred writings, to be forever the norm and final law in all matters of faith, has seldom been called in question within the folds of the orthodox Protestant churches.

Mr. Ferris makes bold to criticise, from the point of view of evangelical Protestantism, the very notion of a closed scriptural canon. He declares that "a New Testament Church," which is the desire of the Protestant heart, must be a church "with no idea of a New Testament." He maintains that Protestants are inconsistent in appealing to the Apostolic age as the normative period of Christianity, and holding at the same time the tenet of a definite collection of authoritative literature, since the Church of the first century, and indeed of the greater part of the second century, possessed no such body of scripture. The individual writings existed, but the gathering of them into a canon had not yet taken place. "The period of Christianity over which hovers the greatest romance, while she was secretly building up that influence that was soon to surprise the world, was the period when her authoritative literature was without limit," or, as the author elsewhere makes clear, when there was no authoritative literature as such.

The motive for the formation of a Christian canon Mr. Ferris finds in the rise of heresy, and the need in the hierarchy of a test for orthodoxy. It cannot be said that utility in spiritual edification, or popularity in devotional use, was the principle on which certain Christian writings were gathered into a New Testament, else the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistles of Clement and Barnabas, would certainly have been included. These books were more popular for devotional reading than some of the writings which were adopted, and on the other hand there is evidence that the letters of Paul were regarded as authoritative before they gained recognition as suitable for reading in Christian assemblies. Doctrinal motives governed the selection of canonical documents, and the closing of the canon was in the interests of the hierarchy, not of Christian life and service.

Mr. Ferris does not hesitate to maintain that the received notion of a fixed body of inspired Christian scripture is an incubus upon the churches which think themselves free. By means of it and "the baneful and pernicious notion that every doctrine and practice of the Church must somehow find Apostolic authority," the sense of perspective in the Gospels has been utterly destroyed, and Christianity has been led away "from the great spiritual and ethical message of its Master." Because of this harmful belief there is to-day "no open vision." The very notion of a closed canon must be abandoned by those who would be disciples of the Teacher who "spoke with authority, and not as the scribes."

Whether this teaching will pass for orthodoxy, or even be tolerated by orthodox churches, need not be here determined. That such a volume should issue from an evangelical clergyman and a denominational publishing house is significant of the liberal days upon which we have fallen. There can be no question, however, but that Mr. Ferris has put his finger upon the source of endless confusion of mind and barrenness of doctrine. Religious truth has grown too large for the vessels from which the many have thought to draw it, and awakening to the facts which Mr. Ferris has brought into the clear must serve as an emancipation to not a few.

Das amerikanische Volk. By Georg von Skal. New York: Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.

This is the most thorough and satisfactory book on our social and national life that has been produced by any German in a decade or more. Thirty years ago Herr von Skal came to America penniless and unable to speak English, toiled among the lower classes for three years, travelled on business for ten years throughout the United States, and served sixteen years on the staff of the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung*. Then Carl Schurz and others encouraged him to publish his impressions in this well-printed volume of 348 pages, provided with a complete Index. Part i., at least, of this work merits translation into English.

Herr von Skal gives more than a glance at early conditions which did so much to form the manners and customs of the present American. The pioneer roved from place to place; and this same inclination is still so apparent in his descendants that it is the exception, rather than the rule, for American families to reside long in the same place. The selfishness resulting from the early struggle for possession has been modified by two characteristics: amiable *naïveté* and inexhaustible humor. It is not meant, of course, that every American is a *Witzbold* and knows how to make a joke; but he easily sees the humorous side of things. The pioneer took things much as he found them, complaining little and helping all he could; and the American to-day is notable for his good-naturedness and patience. He carries his sympathy for criminals too far, and too easily believes, with respect to political and social evils, that "every cloud has a silver lining," and that all will be better by and by; but no one excels him in willingness to help a fellow-being stand up when once he has fallen. Such are some of the characteristics of the American people as a whole.

There are, however, characteristics noticeable only among certain classes, and therefore the author sketches the New Englander, the Californian, and the Southerner; but while he seems at home with the latter two, his analysis of the Puritan is somewhat lacking in sympathy. The point of view of the New Englander, prone to intolerance on such questions as drink and observance of the Sabbath, is so far removed from that of a native German, that even with best of will the German is likely to see the Pharisee.

Herr von Skal thinks there is a sort of mechanical conception of life that is peculiarly American. The result of our forefathers' contest with wild nature is that, more than any one else, the American has

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devised mechanical contrivances. Consequently, mechanical ingenuity and that which is practical have been overvalued. The American's power of imagination is limited to mechanical things and to invention. Of course, there are many who follow idealistic ends; in particular, the teachers in colleges, many of the Protestant clergy, and officers in the army. So unfavorable is the environment here that the American artist needs to go abroad to get his enthusiasm. Americans have made their greatest progress in music; but it has been mostly through foreigners coming to America, and especially through Germans.

Two of the most interesting chapters are those devoted to the American woman and children. He finds the woman charming, not only because of her cleverness in dress, but because she is perfectly natural in all that she does. The idea that the American is the slave of his wife, the author characterizes as ridiculous. The American, to be sure, does work which the man in Europe would seldom or never do, but he does it because he is the stronger, and he wishes to do it. According to European ideas, the American wife *is* more or less spoiled, and some bring ruin to their husbands; but more help them through thick and thin. American housewives are cleanly, and know how to adorn a house with little; but in real housekeeping they are poor managers, wasting in the kitchen—so that two German families could live upon what one American family throws away—and preparing food for appearance rather than for taste. Boys are not neglected at the expense of the girls, but different aims demand a different training. What makes home-life in an American family—as the stranger seldom sees it—so attractive, is the consideration of one member for the others. The American does not believe that any one has obligations without privileges; hence even the small boy has place and freedom. He may be unmannerly and boisterous, but one thing is very characteristic of him as an American, and that is his love for truth. Too much credit cannot be given the American public schools for assimilating foreign elements and teaching patriotism; the strong feeling of self-sufficiency formed there, however, leads to underestimating the good in other nations. Part ii. of Herr von Skal's work is devoted to politics and an explanation of our civil government, more or less familiar to Americans but likely to instruct foreigners; a study of our law system and courts, railroads, and Trusts, the American press, the race question, and the position of the German-American.

Folkways: **A Study of the Sociological Importance of Usages, Manners, Customs, Mores, and Morals. By William G. Sumner. Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.**

From writing his treatise on sociology, Professor Sumner has turned aside to write this substantial volume (692 pages) upon a subject which he could not treat, with satisfaction to himself, in a chapter of another book. Folkways he defines as "ways of doing things" which are gradually recognized as expedient and develop into established customs. They relate to all branches of human activity—the struggle for existence, domestic institutions, ordinary social intercourse, education, and morals. They "come down to us from the past. Each individual is born into them as he is born into the atmosphere, and he does not reflect on them or criticise them any more than a baby analyzes the atmosphere before he begins to breathe it." They "are made unconsciously"; their origins are lost in mystery; but they everywhere and always are a controlling social force, regulating in every detail the life of uncivilized races, and hardly less potent in the life of civilized peoples. Your average sociologist begins his investigation by equipping himself with formidable schemes of classification and nomenclature, to which he adjusts, as best he can, such facts as chance to come within his ken; but this is not Professor Sumner's method. With great labor he has assembled a mass of materials, gathered from almost all accessible sources; and, with rare insight and due scientific caution has sought to elicit their meaning. The result is an important contribution to the scientific study of society.

The first impression which the average reader will derive from the volume is that the folkways are practically the sole regulative force in human societies, that they control our actions absolutely, determine what we shall think, and establish moral standards for us. Particularly in this true of what our author calls the "mores," by which he means such popular usages and traditions as "include a judgment that they are conducive to societal welfare," and thereby gain increased power to coerce the individual to conform to them. The life of society "consists in making folkways and applying them." Philosophy and ethics are products of the folkways, being derived from the mores:

When the earth is underpopulated, and there is an economic demand for men, democracy is inevitable. That state of things cannot be permanent. Therefore, democracy cannot last. It contains no absolute and eternal truth. While it lasts a certain set of political notions and devices are in fashion. . . . We "believe" in democracy, as we have been brought up in it, or we do not. If we do, we accept its mythology.

Morality is what the mores prescribe; immorality "never means anything but contrary to the mores of the time and place." The mores can make anything right, and can prevent condemnation of anything:

In Wickliffe's time the Bishop of Winchester obtained a handsome rent from the stews of Southwark. Probably he and his contemporaries thought no harm. Never until the nineteenth century was it in the mores of any society to feel that the sacrifice of the mortal welfare of one human being to the happiness of another was a thing which civil institutions could not tolerate.

Thus it is, and thus it always will be:

The range of societal activity may be greatly enlarged, interests may be extended and multiplied, the materials by which needs can be supplied may become far more numerous, the processes of societal coöperation may become more complicated, and contract or artifice may take the place of custom for many interests; but, if the case is one which touches the ways or interests of the masses, folkways will develop on or around it by the same process as that which has been described as taking place from the beginning of civilization.

But it must be remembered that Professor Sumner is not formulating in this volume a complete theory of social structure and action. He is dealing with the part which established usages and tradition play, and naturally states the case strongly. At various places he gives us hints that, despite the force of custom, desirable changes can be effected—at least, in the direction social movement takes. By the highest mental discipline, some men rise above the intellectual atmosphere created by the folkways, and "form rational judgments on current cases." Men of talent are of great value to society, and this would not be the case if their best efforts availed nothing in directing social movement. In one way or another, therefore, our author seems to admit the possibility of conscious regulation of social interest—at least, within certain limits. His position will be made clearer, doubtless, when he publishes his treatise upon sociology. It cannot be gainsaid, however, that the present volume gives no flattering estimate of such theories of social betterment as pass current under the name of *Socialpolitik*.

Vida y escritos del Dr. José Rizal. Por W. E. Retana. 4to, pp. xvi., 511. Madrid: Librería general de V. Suarez.

During 1905-1906 the Madrid monthly review *Nuestro Tiempo* published serially notes and documents upon the life of José Rizal, political saint of the Filipinos, by W. E. Retana, who acquired a reputation before 1898 as an industrious Philippine bibliographer and as the chief mouthpiece of the friars in opposing the Filipino reform propaganda. With the change of sovereignty over the Philippines, Retana's occupation as a champion of the friars was gone, and by 1905, he had declared himself a Liberal in politics and religion, and, making abject retractions of his former writings, appeared before the Filipinos as the eulogizer of the one Filipino whom he had most abused and ridiculed. The Filipinos apparently do not cherish resentment, for they have greeted Retana's recantation with applause; and some of Rizal's closest associates have aided his biographical work with corrections, notes, documents, and hitherto unpublished writings of Rizal. The result of their collaboration and Retana's industry is a volume, not merely of great value for hitherto unpublished data on Rizal, but indispensable for any student of the Filipino reform propaganda and the closing years of Spanish rule in the Philippines. There are some interesting half-tones of Rizal, pictures of his clay-modellings; a useful, though redundant, bibliography of his writings; and an alphabetical index, though mainly of names, not topics. Miguel de Unamuno, in the "Epilogue," makes both a shrewder and juster estimate of Rizal's career and character, and with less rhetoric, than does Retana. The work is valuable not as a biography, but as a collection of the raw materials of biography—such things as Rizal's student diary, letters to his family and fellow-workers, the statutes of the Liga Filipina, incidents of his life in exile in Mindanao, and most of the documents of his trial. These last show his Spanish military prosecutors and judges to have deserved all the censure they have received even when the circumstances of the trial were only suspected, not known.

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The more we know about Rizal, the higher he rises in our estimation. It is also notable that his gain in our estimation is especially in character. He undoubtedly had great ability, but his people have in general taken promise for achievement. This pure-blooded Malay showed a firmness, a devotion to his ideals, and a practical political wisdom altogether unique in the social medium in which he spent by far the greater part of his life. And yet there is not yet an adequate biography of him, even a sketch, in English, nor are his two novels, which reveal his people and their aspirations as no other writer has done, available to Americans who do not know Spanish.

Science.

Lectures on Plant Physiology. By Dr. Ludwig Jost, professor of botany in the University of Strassburg; authorized English translation by R. J. Harvey Gibson, professor of botany in the University of Liverpool. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.75.

This is not a text-book in the proper sense; it is much more. The translator has done his work conscientiously and on the whole satisfactorily. In some instances his strict rendering has given us rather awkward turns, but in no case is the meaning obscure. The translator does not at all points agree with the lecturer, but he has not attempted to contend with him or to bring in his own views. The edition on which the translation is based bears date of 1903, but sundry additions and corrections by the author bring it fairly down to 1906, that is, practically up to date. After an introduction, which states clearly the problems and methods of physiology, the author divides the field into three parts: (1) Metabolism, (2) Metamorphosis, (3) Transformation of Energy. A detailed account of the treatment of these subjects would be out of place here, but it is proper to present a few of the author's conclusions relative to the most important activities of plants.

One naturally begins with the office of the root, and its equivalent. Most roots are provided with a velvety zone of delicate hairs near the tip of their fibrils; and these hairs are in close connection with soil-particles, sharing with them the films of aqueous solutions found in all soils. In the case of roots which do not possess hairs, the thin layer of cell-wall next the soil carries on this work either directly or by an intermediary agent in the form of an enveloping net of fungal threads. Air-roots get their water in part by condensation of vapor on their surface. Formerly the absorption of solutions by root-hairs was ascribed to the power which membranes possess of facilitating the commingling of liquids on their two sides. But this process of diffusion has been shown to be vastly more complicated, since decompositions and recompositions take place at the surface, and in the substance of such membranes as the root-hairs.

The fate of the matter absorbed by the roots has now been traced fairly well in some cases; for instance, sulphur and phosphorus are needed to build up the so-called proteids, the true "flesh" of the plant; but it is not known in exactly what part of the plant the combination of these elements with carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen is effected. Potassium finds its way in through the root-hairs, and its office in controlling the constructive processes in young tissues, and in assisting transfers of food within the plant, is fairly well settled. Magnesium appears to be a constant constituent of the leaf-green. Formerly iron was thought to be, but that is not now quite so certain. The part which nitrogen plays is satisfactorily treated. The principal source of plant nitrogen is the soil-solution of diverse compounds of this element. But after all these compounds are studied a question remains as to the uncombined nitrogen in the air between the soil-particles. That a certain part of it can be used by the roots through the agency of low organisms associated with the roots, is one of the most interesting of recent discoveries. Plants take substantially all their water through their roots. But it is hard to explain certain phenomena of recovery from wilting without assuming that in exceptional cases plants can obtain part of their supply through other tissues—as the author shows by numerous citations. Carbon comes in through the leaves in the form of carbon-dioxide. Its appropriation by the plant is termed by the author *assimilation*, an old word, concerning the accuracy of which authorities dispute. Professor Jost continues:

> We must recognize in carbon-dioxide assimilation the source of the collective organic life of our globe, life which ultimately draws its energy from the sun.

He thinks that not quite one per cent. of the solar energy which falls on the leaf is employed in carbon-dioxide decomposition. And yet it is that one per cent. which constructs all food and treasures, directly or indirectly, all energy for all organisms on our planet. The author concludes that the leaf-green, through which this wonderful treasuring of solar energy takes place, is something more than a mere "sensitizer," although this is probably one explanation of its relations to sunlight. The first product of assimilation may be traced through many complicated processes by which organic compounds in infinite variety are formed. This is, of course, recondite chemistry. Even to enumerate a fraction of the substances which the plant produces in its laboratory would be impossible here. It is sufficient to say that with German thoroughness, the author has placed his drag-net over almost all.

Among the various products of chemical transformation are the materials out of which the plant builds new tissues, and out of which tissues frame new organs. This brings us to the second part of the volume, Metamorphosis. Some other less rigid name would perhaps have been better to connote such subjects as growth, development, and heredity. In the last few years this department has been invaded by statisticians and mathematicians, and the results of experimentation have been put on a numerical basis. As yet there is a certain amount of fog over the whole field, but Professor Jost has for the most part kept on the higher and less obscure ground. Where there is doubt, he says so. For us, it is enough to say that results in the study of heredity are coming in so fast that many of the most competent students are bewildered.

In the concluding part of the volume, Transformations of Energy, we are shown the different responses of plants to external agents. The subject is treated on the whole judicially. It is to be regretted that Professor Jost has given no space to the sensitive instruments devised by Prof. Chundar Bose, by which it is asserted that very obscure responses can be not only detected, but analyzed. This concluding part is full of interest to serious students of the activities of nature, and also to casual readers, to whom leisure for investigation of these phenomena has been denied. It would be well if all observers, amateurs, and professionals, could avail themselves of Professor Jost's suggestions as to methods. As it is, many observations now go to waste.

The index is generally good, in spite of a few curious omissions. For instance, Professor Jost takes up the matter of sap under various headings, and gives an excellent account of it, but the term "sap" does not appear in the index.

The Macmillan Co. announces a series of six Biological Studies and Addresses by H. F. Osborn. The first of them is at hand, "Evolution of Mammalian Molar Teeth," with W. K. Gregory, the assistant of Professor Osborn, as the editor. The purpose of the book is the collection of the writings of the author on this question and the extension of them by other observations and illustrations in support of the tritubercular theory. The shares of the author and the editor are not clearly indicated. In recent years this doctrine, founded by Cope some twenty-five years ago, has met with much criticism and opposition, held by Professor Osborn to be largely due to misunderstandings and removable by a fuller presentation of the evidence. The illustrations are numerous and with few exceptions very clear. Some of the other studies have titles suggestive of less specialization and more interest for the general reader.

A recent publication of the Carnegie Institution—No. 77 in the series—is by F. G. Benedict, and reports experiments on "The Influence of Inanition on Metabolism." These observations were made with the use of the complicated calorimeter at Middletown whose construction was largely due to the initiative and energy of the late Prof. W. O. Atwater, although it ought not be forgotten that others have shared in the general design and in much ingenious and clever detail to an extent that has not been quite adequately acknowledged. The book deals with fourteen fasts in which ten different persons voluntarily went without food from two to seven days, but mostly only for periods of two to four days. There are also some studies with food in connection with fasts. The observations are given in great detail and with a fulness which has never been attained in similar investigations. The literature concerning inanition in man is also very fully considered—at least so far as it can be said to have any scientific value. This is not the place for a discussion of the results, and it must suffice to say that the metabolic status of the faster turns out to be far less simple and its bearing on the bigger problems of nu-

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trition less direct than many have expected them to be. The reader is also left with the impression that in this line of experimentation some sort of preëxperimental standard of metabolism, so to speak, ought to be adopted, so that the fasters shall enter upon the period of special study under conditions which are more strictly comparable than they usually are. A fly-leaf in this book announces that a nutrition laboratory has been erected in Boston by the Carnegie Institution, and is now in charge of Professor Benedict. No indication is given of the future of the researches at Middletown, which for several years were aided by grants from the Institution.

Arthur J. Fynn's "The American Indian as a Product of Environment" (Little, Brown & Co.) is not profound scholarship of the sometimes over-condemned arm-chair type, nor is it the result of any notable investigations upon the spot. It is made up in part from entirely reliable sources, all English, and in part from more or less desultory personal observations. It does not live up to its main title; as the author notes in a sort of sub-subtitle, his interest lies chiefly with the Pueblos. Nevertheless, this is, with certain reservations, a pretty good book; it takes hold of the subject in the right way, and it is clear and simple. It is time that ethnography should be written from just this point of view of adaptation to environment. Of course, the Pueblos, whose very religion would reveal the condition of nature under which they live, are an easy subject for such treatment. A little more of the comparative method would have added greatly to the value of the book. The author apparently lays no claim to a wide knowledge of ethnology; but if his little volume incites some specialists to essay the treatment of savage races upon similar lines, it will have performed a worthy service.

Jerome Dowd's "Negro Races" (The Macmillan Co.) is the first volume of an announced series covering "a sociological study of mankind from the standpoint of race." The present instalment covers the Negritos, "Negritians," and Fellatahs of Africa. It appears from the announcement that this is all there is to be upon the Negritos, and that the black races of the Far East are not to be discussed. In any case, the Oceanic Negritos, such as the Mincopis and Aëtas, are not to consort with their African congeners. This seems to us to be an error of arrangement; and we are inclined to think that there is a similar vagary in the somewhat novel classification (of the African negroes described) under different "zones," *e. g.*, the banana, millet, camel, and cattle zones. The tribes in these several belts are treated under the headings: economic, family, political, religious, and æsthetic life; and we wind up with the "psychological characteristics" of the banana and other zones. The bibliography as a key to the scholarship of the work shows some ten each of German and French titles, and a good many curious entries that suggest an inclusion of chance matter. The style is not seldom anecdotal, though the stories are often rather apt. Yet despite shortcomings, there has been an honest effort to assemble a large array of useful facts. The sections on the Fygmies and the lighter races of South Africa are satisfactory, and one imagines that the other chapters would be more effective had the arrangement been different. In fine, the author has assumed rather light-heartedly a task too difficult and encyclopædic for any save the hand of a profound and highly gifted scholar.

Prof. Svante Arrhenius, whose "Världarnas utveckling" has recently been translated into English, has again made a remarkable literary success with his new book "Människan inför världsgåtan" (Stockholm: H. Geber). In a few months it has seen five editions. After the publication of his previous work many questions were presented to him, especially respecting the history of theories as to the origin of the universe. As a kind of reply to these inquiries, Professor Arrhenius has published the present volume, in which he gives an historical account of man's ideas of the development of the world. Beginning with the legends of primitive peoples and the creation myths of the most developed ancient religions, he goes on through the cosmogonic speculations of ancient philosophers and those of the scientists of a later time to the more exact observations and experiments of modern investigators. He upholds the theory of panspermism (according to which life originates on a planet from germs driven through the universe by solar radiation) against spontaneous generation. The latter, he thinks, may one day be regarded in the same way that we now regard the theory of a *perpetuum mobile*.

At a recent meeting of the Accademia dei Lincei, Senator Augusto Righi, professor of Physics in the University of Bologna, announced the discovery of a special type of rays which accompany the discharge of electricity in rarefied gases. He suggests the name magnetic rays, since their most marked characteristic is their conduct in the presence of a magnetic field. Details of this discovery will be published in the next volume of the reports of the Accademia.

William Ashbrook Kellerman, professor of botany at Ohio State University, died in Guatemala, March 8. He was born in Ashville, O., in 1850, and after graduation from Cornell in 1874, he obtained his doctor's degree at Zurich. Before coming to the Ohio State University he taught in the Wisconsin State Normal School, was professor of botany and zoölogy in the Kansas State Agricultural College, and botanist of the Kansas Experiment Station. He was founder and editor of the *Journal of Mycology* and the *Ohio Mycological Bulletin*. Among his books are "Flora of Kansas," "Elementary Botany," "Phyto-Theca," and "Spring Flora of Ohio."

Austin Craig Apgar, vice-president of the New Jersey State Normal School, Trenton, died March 4. He was born at Peapack in 1838, was graduated from the Normal School in 1862, and had been teaching in that institution more than forty years. He had studied science under both Louis Agassiz and Alexander Agassiz. He was author of "Geographical Handbook," 1865; "Geographical Drawing Book," 1866; "Plant Analysis," 1874; "Mollusks of the Atlantic Coast," 1891; "Pocket Key of the Trees," 1891; "Trees of the Northern United States," 1892; "Pocket Key of the Birds," 1893; and "Birds of the United States," 1898.

Dr. Daniel Bennett St. John Roosa, president of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, and professor of diseases of the eye, died in this city March 8. He was born in Bethel, N. Y., 1838, and after graduation from the University Medical College of this city in 1860, he served as a surgeon in the civil war. He filled important positions in the medical schools and hospitals of New York, he had been president of the New York State Medical Society, and he was a member of various medical and scientific societies. Among his writings are "The Old Hospital and Other Papers," 1886; "A Pocket Medical Lexicon," 1887; "Treatise on the Ear," 1891; "Treatise on the Eye," 1894; "A Doctor's Suggestions"; "On the Necessity of Wearing Glasses"; and "Defective Eyesight," 1899.

Drama.

A pamphlet, "The Typical Shakesperian Stage," just published by the Knickerbocker Press of this city, consists of the third chapter of a forthcoming volume on the Shakespearean stage by Victor E. Albright. This scholarly bit of work, which will be read with interest by persons interested in Elizabethan methods of dramatic representation, is an attempt to reconstruct a typical stage of the Elizabethan period from a careful study of the few and not always trustworthy prints of sixteenth-century theatrical interiors, and some contemporary stage directions. The interest in this subject has been quickened in recent years by the so-called Elizabethan performances organized by William Poel and the brothers Greet. It is now conceded, pretty generally, that the pre-Restoration theatre was not so destitute of the common means of illusion as was formerly supposed, but Mr. Albright argues, with much enthusiasm and some plausibility, that except in the matter of painted scenery, it had stage facilities not altogether incomparable with those of the present day. Briefly, his theory is that the stage was separated by a curtain into two divisions—front and rear—with an extra proscenium space, and that each of these had its proper side entrances and exits. With such an arrangement it is easy, of course, to see how the rapid changes of scene called for in Shakespearean and other pieces could have been marked and much possible confusion avoided. Mr. Albright argues further that Shakespeare and his fellows constructed their plots with a special view to these conditions. In support of this theory he quotes stage directions from a great number of old plays which are certainly consistent with it, although they do not absolutely prove it. But it is to be noted that in many of his citations there is no positive indication that the "curtain" alluded to is anything more than a temporary device. Nevertheless, the theory is ingenious and plausible, and offers a simple explanation of the way in which the necessary properties—thrones, tables, chairs, beds, and so forth—could be arranged in the back scene, while the street conversations, so common in the Elizabethan drama, were proceeding in front. But in considering the question it must not be forgotten that the whole undivided stage could scarcely have been more than twenty feet square. The use of

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the gallery and the "hut," to which Mr. Albright devotes some space, is familiar, of course, to all students of the period. It is, perhaps, worth while to remark that the interest in this topic is antiquarian rather than practical. The value of modern Elizabethan performances lies more in the treatment of the text than in the accuracy of the stage fittings.

The precise dramatic status of the latest Russian actress, Vera Komisarzhevsky—like that of Madame Nazimova—is still uncertain, neither of these performers having attempted here, as yet, any character involving the interpretation of emotions or passions of the nobler sort. But in the three plays in which Madame Komisarzhevsky has already appeared, she has demonstrated a striking versatility, insight, and consistency, fine artistic restraint, and a rare control of technical resources. In the delicacy and calculated significance of her work she is worthy of comparison with Eleanora Duse. She excels particularly in the eloquence of facial expression and in the naturalness, variety, and appropriateness of her by-play. All these qualities were exhibited with delightful effect in the different phases of Norah in "A Doll's House." As Marikke in Sudermann's "Johannesfeuer" she underwent a complete transformation, in appearance, voice, and behavior. Her subdued and distraught manner, her abrupt speech, and a certain rigidity of pose, as if she were keeping a strong hold upon herself, denoted the pressure of inward agitation as surely as did her impulsive outbreaks of affection for her unconscious rival, Trude. And when, in the third act, she gave vent to the passion that consumed her, her acting had all the abandonment of truth, without any of the extravagance of mere theatricality. In short, she is clearly an actress of the first rank, and she is supported by a company of all-round capacity and sound training. It is unfortunate that she should be giving plays, which, so far as the general public is concerned, are almost as unknown as the tongue in which they are presented, but connoisseurs in acting will find ample gratification in watching, even if they cannot understand her.

"The Fool Hath Said 'There Is no God,'" a piece constructed by Laurence Irving upon the main outlines of Dostoieffski's "Crime and Punishment," and produced by E. H. Sothern in the Lyric Theatre, on Monday evening, is a melodrama of common type, having no extraordinary features except its rather crude utterances on the beauties of anarchy in government and religion. There is in it presumably quite as much of Laurence Irving as there is of the original author. The force of the main thesis, that man is justified in ignoring human and divine laws and in committing murder (with a purely benevolent motive), is practically destroyed by the hero's final acknowledgment of his religious and political obligations in deference to the compelling faith of the heroine. Undoubtedly the play is regarded, both by Mr. Irving and Mr. Sothern, as representative of modern liberal ideas, and, being offered in good faith, is worthy of courteous recognition; but, upon the argumentative side, it is a violent, contradictory, inconclusive, and essentially juvenile affair, while as drama it is only really effective at intervals. It would be worthy of more respect if it were not plainly written to gratify all shades of opinion. It caters both to rhapsodic faith and aggressive infidelity.

Lily Hanbury, the actress, who was Mrs. Herbert Guedalla in private life, died in London March 5. She was born in London in 1874, and made her first appearance in 1888 in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Savoy Theatre. Recently she had appeared as leading lady in several of Beerbohm Tree's most important productions.

Music.

The True Story of My Life. By Alice M. Diehl. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

"Literature was my first love," Mrs. Diehl confesses to the readers of her autobiography; and it is through her novels—nearly half a hundred in number—that her name became best known. Yet the chief interest of her reminiscences lies in her gossip relating to the time when she was a pianist and met many men and women eminent in the musical profession. She could, at the age of four, play by ear any music she heard that she liked, but she considers this a reprehensible practice which "should be sternly discouraged"; why, she does not explain. In the summer of 1858 her mother took her to Schloss Gersdorf in Silesia, where the great Henselt resided during his furlough from royal and other engagements in St. Petersburg. When they arrived, the eminent pianist met them at the door, "dark, handsome—clad in white and wearing a red fez." She found him not only a stern, but a capricious teacher. He scoffed at all the rules laid down by Mozart, Hummel, Cramer, Czerny, and Kalkbrenner. Her first "piano lesson" was given on the organ, as a study in legato playing. She found she had to begin all over again, "in irons," literally, because he insisted on his difficult exercises being practised with weights—copper coins by preference—on the wrists. In teaching he was "a raging lion." "It was all a storm of corrections, given between his favorite pastime of fly and wasp-killing with a leathern flap at the end of a stick." The real tuition began when he took her place on the stool, and, after caricaturing her errors, showed her how to play.

When she returned to London she found that her studies with Henselt, far from proving an advantage, were a detriment. Henry Broadwood introduced her to Professor Ella, "the musical autocrat of the aristocracy of music," who sneered at Henselt as an executant. Broadwood also introduced her to the all-powerful critic, H. F. Chorley, who condemned the Henselt method "with a wholesale condemnation which was dispiriting." Ella consented to have her appear at one of his concerts, and her début was highly successful. Previous to this, no less a musician than Berlioz had spoken encouragingly of her playing.

It was through another eminent composer, Ferdinand Hiller, that the author of this volume became a writer. Having made his acquaintance, she wrote an article on him which was inserted in the place of honor in the *Musical World*, and caused its editor, Davison, to call on her and say: "Why, you girl, you, what are you thinking of, messing about all this time with music, when you were born with a pen in your hand?" She took the hint and soon found writing more profitable, if not more congenial, than playing or teaching. For sixteen years she lived among the authors and journalists close to the Regent's Park, meeting many eminent writers (among them Bret Harte), of whom she gives brief but graphic pen-and-ink sketches.

Mrs. Diehl closes her book with this confession: "The only novel I have written which I really feel to be part of myself is 'The Temptation of Anthony.'"

Two interesting revivals — Thomas's "Mignon" at the Metropolitan Opera House and "Crispino e la Comare" by the Ricci brothers at the Manhattan—call for a few lines of comment. When "Mignon" was first produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris (1866), it had 150 performances in twelve months, and it has ever since remained prominent in the repertory. In Berlin it became very popular while Geraldine Farrar was at the Royal Opera. Patrons of the Metropolitan have at last had a chance to hear her in this part, in which she displays her art of impersonation to perfection. Whether as the frightened gypsy waif, or the jealous page, or the sweet *jeune fille* in Filina's gown, or the typical beauty from the land of the citron and the orange, she is always true to life, a picture for the camera at every moment, and her singing is as good as her acting. No doubt Thomas's opera will gain a new lease of life through her art; it is a work that deserves renewed favor, being in every way far superior to most of the modern Italian products we have to put up with. Far superior, also, is it to the older Italian opera "Crispino," which owed its revival entirely to the magic of Tetrazzini's name. It takes one back to the sixties of the last century, when the two Ricci brothers were famous as collaborators. There is a certain amount of fun in their libretto, and the music has an easy melodious flow, but it is shallow throughout. The interest in hearing such a work is chiefly historic. Tetrazzini gave as an appendix Julius Benedict's variations on "The Carnival of Venice," which she sang with dazzling brilliancy. Her popularity is unabated, and so is that of Mary Garden as Louise and Mélisande.

French composers have not been idle of late. Massenet has written "Bacchus" for the Paris Grand Opéra, on a book by Catulle Mendès, the librettist of "Ariane." The composer has also found time to write a short ballet, "Espada," for the Monte Carlo opera. Gabriel Fauré, during the autumn holidays, composed an act of an opera, entitled "Penelope." Théodore Dubois, former director of the Conservatoire, has finished a suite of "Odelettes Antigones"—the words being by his son—and several pianoforte pieces. He has also begun writing a symphony. Ch. M. Widor has given the last touches to a symphony for orchestra and grand organ, which will be first heard in Berlin. Xavier Leroux has composed half the score of an opera based on a book by the prolific librettist, Catulle Mendès. Paul Vidal is nearing the end of "Ramsès," which will be brought out soon by the new directors of the Grand

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Opéra. Henri Février has completed an opera on Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna."

The mausoleum of the Emperor Augustus has been restored sufficiently to be opened to the Roman public, under the name of the Amphitheatre Corea, in which popular symphony concerts (the twentieth century substitutes for the bull fights held there not even a hundred years ago) are to be given Sunday afternoons. An admission fee of five cents for a seat in the second gallery makes it possible for the humblest to enjoy excellent music. In addition to $16,000 spent on the building, the Comunal Council of Rome has voted an annual appropriation of $10,000 to the Royal Academy of Sta. Cecilia, which has undertaken to give not less than twenty-five symphony concerts each season in addition to four of chamber music. This is the first attempt in Italy to give classical orchestral concerts at popular prices.

Art.

FAIR WOMEN.

LONDON, February 25.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has closed its usual winter show and opened an exhibition of Fair Women at the New Gallery. It is a very few years since the Grafton Gallery gave an exhibition of the same kind. That collection was retrospective; the great pictures of the eighteenth century British portrait painters were drawn upon, and those who saw it will still remember the beautiful Gainsboroughs. To avoid repetition and rivalry, nothing was left but to vary the period represented, and to insist upon the international character which Whistler gave to the society. The period chosen is, roughly speaking, from the eighteen-sixties, and much has been done in the last fifty years to justify the choice. The first shock of disappointment is to find so little work from abroad. An admirable opportunity for comparative study has been thrown away.

France fares a trifle less badly than other countries. But except for a fine little pencil drawing by Ingres, a powerful Madame Georges Duruy by Besnard, with none of the mannerisms of his later painting, a Madame Henri Fouguié by Carolus-Duran; with the distinction of his earlier portraits, the Renoits retained from the recent exhibition, and some fairly interesting examples of Ricard—with these exceptions, there is hardly anything to record the aims and tendencies of French art in the last half-century. A very inferior Lenbach, a couple of artificial Winterhalters, and three portraits by Prof. George Sauter exhaust the art, it appears, of the German schools. There is nothing from Belgium, save two beautiful examples of Alfred Stevens. One, however, The Lady in White, makes a visit to the exhibition more than worth while. There is nothing from Holland save one Matthew Maris, and it comes from England—the exquisite little Fantasy. These are pictures well known. Anglada and Zuloaga belong to the society, and yet no portraits have been discovered in Spain but one indifferent full-length by Ramon Casas. The art of portrait painting in Italy begins and ends with Mancini—to some good purpose I must admit. I have seen Mancinis of late years that, for all their brilliance and cleverness, were almost impossible in their exuberance of color and in the painter's growing mannerisms, which are against all the finest traditions of painting. But there is here a portrait of Mrs. Charles Hunter that simply dominates the wall on which it hangs. The canvas is large and the color scheme, for Mancini, austere. He has not altogether escaped from the mannerisms to which I refer; the paint rises in ridges, as if he used it as a sculptor uses his clay, and bits of metal are worked into the buckle at the waist, even into the flesh. There is absolutely no feeling for the beauty of surface. But you forgive defects and affectation in your pleasure for the fine modelling of the seated figure, the beautiful quality of the black of the gown and the deep gold of the couch, and the magnificent handling of detail. A few pictures, like the Alfred Stevens and the Matthew Maris, are more subtle, more exquisite, but not one is more vigorous, not one gives such an impression of knowledge and power.

It cannot be denied that the last half-century has produced no greater portrait painter than the American Whistler, not one who has had more influence on the younger generation, not one who has painted more beautiful portraits of beautiful women, from The Little White Girl down to Miss Kinsella, and, though Whistler virtually made the society, not one painting by him has been hung. He is not, however, entirely forgotten. A small group of prints and drawings has been arranged, though not thought of sufficient importance to fill a centre. The dry-point Miss Eleonore Leyland and the lithographs, The Little Nude Model Reading and The Little Draped Figure Leaning, have been often seen. The studies are less well known. One is a small pen-drawing of Lady Meux in fur cloak and muff, for a portrait begun but never finished; another, evidently, was for one of the etchings of "Maud." Whistler was always making these little studies, sometimes in pen-and-ink, oftener in chalk on brown paper. They were notes of a pose, a bit of drapery, a costume; memoranda for his own use, serving him exactly as the studies of the old masters served them, and not paraded as so many finished works in the manner of the modern young genius. Whistler did exhibit his studies from time to time, but not very often, so that when many were hung at the London Memorial Exhibition of his work they were a revelation, even to his admirers. It is unfortunate that space could not have been made for a larger number now. I, for my part, would gladly have spared for them the space which is now reserved for the new vice-president, William Strang, in whose studies one is still more conscious than in his paintings of his frequent clumsiness as draughtsman. Besides Whistler, two other Americans exhibit: J. W. Alexander, whose Marjorie, a full-length of a young girl in white, is not a very characteristic example; and Timothy Cole, whose admirable wood-engravings after the French masters have been accepted, only to be stuck into a corner, where it is difficult to see them with satisfaction.

Moreover, I have not even the consolation of believing that the International Society is becoming more intolerant of art abroad because of greater catholicity of spirit at home. Despite all professions, the open-mindedness is more apparent in the catalogue than on the walls. There are interesting Rossettis—little drawings for his earliest illustrations in Allingham's "Music Master" and Moxon's "Tennyson"; one water-color, Mount Pomona, alone represents him as a painter. With Millais, also, the interest is in the examples of the illustrations which made him one of the great masters of the sixties, while the few large portraits are characteristic rather of the popular moment, when, as I believe he put it himself, he was working not so much for fame as for wife and children. Leighton and Alma-Tadema share the same fate; that is, they are seen at their feeblest, not their strongest. Only two Academicians are treated with prominence and some degree of fairness. Mr. Sargent is one, but by some strange perversity he suffers rather than gains by the distinction. I have not forgotten that I wrote in praise of his colossal Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane on its first appearance at the Academy in 1900. Now, I ask myself in amazement why I praised, and I feel that the picture is best described in the words of an artist who at the time insisted there was nothing to be seen except a heap of women in white being poured out of a picture. Indeed, the only good Sargents in this show are his Miss Evans and one other, here called simply Portrait, interesting as student work. Watts is the other conspicuous Academician. His Hon. Mrs. Wyndham has a centre, and it is usually ranked as his finest portrait. It is dignified and is painted with a bigness of style not common among modern Academicians. But there is no life, no flesh and blood in the figure, and the want of feeling for texture gives it an unpleasant cast-iron quality. The Besnard and Carolus-Duran put it out of countenance. His other portraits are of no particular merit, but his Clytie, sometimes declared his greatest achievement, has a place of honor in the Sculpture Hall.

I am not given to quoting the *Times* in matters of art, but I am inclined to think its critic is not without reason when he says the exhibition is chiefly for the benefit of one group of the International and their friends. They may be supremely unconscious of the fact, but their work loses nothing by the avoidance of comparison with that of men of greater learning, distinction, and charm. All critics do not agree with the *Times*, and there are others full of admiration for the Exhibition as proof of the fine and healthy condition of British art to-day, and its promise for the future. There is, indeed, no question that the collection includes much of interest, and that here and there are very fine pictures. The few masterpieces, however, cannot redeem the general commonplace.

N. N.

The Boston Society of Architects has just published "A Holiday Study of Cities and Ports," by Robert Swain Peabody. To further the work of the commission on the improvement of metropolitan Boston, of which he is a member, he has visited some of the most active cities of northern Europe, and describes here the way in

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which they are developing their industrial and commercial resources, and at the same time adding to their attractiveness by beautiful streets, squares, boulevards, and public buildings. While his direct aim is the awakening of similar activity in Boston, yet these results of his investigations have a bearing on the future of every American city. He closes with an attempt to answer the pertinent question, How would the German Kaiser develop Boston? The illustrations consist of 104 pictures on 35 plates, among the most suggestive of which are those showing the beautiful walk under the elevated railway at Berlin, and the artistic way in which electric light poles and trolley posts are treated in Hamburg and Amsterdam.

The heirs of the artist Adolf von Menzel will publish his correspondence. Persons who have letters or other documents of Menzel are requested to send them to Prof. Oskar Bie, Bühlowstrasse 80, Berlin.

Sixty-eight autograph letters of Michelangelo have, according to dispatches from Italy, recently been found among the family papers of Count Rasponi Spinelli at Florence. They will soon be published.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* begins its eighth year with a new cover and a heavier, coated paper, which permits a clearer printing of the cuts. One notes the improvement in the drawings reproduced from the Dubini collection, Milan, by Francesco Malaguzzi Valeri. These practically unknown drawings comprise interesting examples by Tintoretto, being sketches for such well-known pictures as the Original Sin, the Baptism of Jesus, and the Miracle of the Bread and Fishes—in the Scuola di S. Rocco; and for the Miracle of St. Mark, in the Academy, Venice.

Prof. H. Diels, at the recent meeting of the Berlin Academy, reports the finding of an antique temple key. His account, when printed in the Bericht, will be illustrated by a photograph. Up to this time nothing has been found in connection with the ruins of old shrines that could with a certainty be called a key. The present discovery was made at one of the most famous temples of Greece, the sanctuary of Artemis Hemera in Lusoi, Arcadia. That this key belongs to the temple is attested by an inscription, dating perhaps from the fifth century.

The exhibition of the Municipal Art Society of New York will be open at the National Arts Club to March 27, inclusive. Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by Emil Carlsen and sculpture by Clara Hill, Bauer-Folsom's, March 13; pictures by Horatio Walker, Montross's, March 14; portraits by Maurice Fomkes, M. Knoedler & Co.'s, March 14; paintings by George H. Macrum and John F. Carlson, George A. Glaenzer & Co.'s, March 21; pictures by Malcolm Fraser, Clausen's, March 28; pictures and studies in oil and water-colors by Raphael Lewisohn, Oehme's, March 29.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 22, the following prices were paid for drawings: C. Fielding, Storm on the Coast, £262; P. de Wint, Woody Landscape, with cattle and stream in the foreground, £110; Turner, Lake of Lucerne, £420. These paintings were also sold: J. Linnell, Sen., Gathering Fuel, £210; H. Harpignies, La Nièvre à Nevers, £651.

Frederick Warren Freer, a painter and teacher at the Chicago Art Institute, died March 7. He was born in Chicago in 1849, and studied for some years in Munich and other foreign cities. He was an associate of the National Academy of Design, and a member of the American Water Color Society and the New York Etchers' Club. Among the honors which he received were a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition, 1893; a bronze medal at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901; a silver medal at the Charleston Exposition, 1902; the Martin B. Kohn Prize, Chicago Art Institute, 1902; Artist's prize and medal, Chicago, 1903; and a bronze medal, St. Louis, 1904. His principal pictures are A Lady in Black, Consolation, The Old Letter, In Ambush, and Sympathy.

George Chickering Munzig, the portrait painter, died March 5 in this city. He was born in Boston in 1859, and studied at the Trimmer School, Boston, and the Academy Julian and Lefebvre, Paris. He had painted the portraits of many prominent people.

William Callow, well-known for his work in water color, died at Great Missenden, England, February 22, in his ninety-sixth year. When only seventeen Callow went to Paris to continue his studies, and while there acted for seven years as professor of water-color painting to the family of Louis Philippe. In 1838 he was made an associate of the Royal Water-Color Society. Among his publications are "Illustrated Book of Versailles" and "Deep-Sea Fishing."

Charles Brun, the French painter, has died at the age of eighty. A student of Picot and Cabanel, he collaborated with the latter in L'Improvisateur Arabe. He was specially at home in Oriental scenes.

The death is announced, in his seventy-seventh year, of Ferdinand Callebert, the Belgian painter and director of the Academy at Rouliers. His painting was largely of religious subjects, and many specimens of his work may be seen in Belgian churches.

Paul Thumann, painter, illustrator, professor at the Berlin Academy of Arts, has died in that city in his seventy-fourth year. His work, both in historical painting and fancy portraiture, was popular in Germany, and photographs of his female heads are scattered broadcast in America.

Finance.

PANIC AND POLITICS.

The arrival of the period when political conventions in the States are expected to make their preliminary platforms for the Presidential contest, converges interest again on the part which the panic of 1907 is to play in current politics, and, conversely, on the part which politics will play in business. It is a tradition of American finance and industry that a Presidential election, even in days of unruffled markets and prosperous trade, will be a time of unsettlement. Certainly there was a halt in commercial activity, and hesitation or disturbance on the Stock Exchanges, in 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1896, and 1900. At the last two dates, the fact that one party advocated currency measures which would have altered the standard of value might have been assigned as the cause of misgiving, but in the earlier contests no such factor existed. Most of the elections—notably that of 1880—were in years of genuine prosperity, when "free silver planks" cut no figure. The notable exception to the general rule of trade depression was 1904; the canvass was accompanied by steady and continuous recovery in trade, and for this the commonly accepted explanation was that Mr. Roosevelt's victory was regarded as assured in advance, and that therefore the programme of the next administration was not in doubt.

Another tradition of the markets, however, is that a campaign after a serious panic is likely to be particularly disturbing, both because unsound nostrums will be advocated in party platforms with the idea of preventing future panics, and because the people, smarting under losses, will incline to support the opposition. The opposition has certainly carried Congress in every election which immediately followed a great panic, and it has gained the Presidency in the election next following all such occasions, excepting only that of 1876, when Mr. Tilden, though he was not seated, nevertheless polled a heavy popular majority, and is still believed by a great many persons to have been lawfully elected.

All these considerations add to the interest taken by business men in the preliminary moves in selecting delegates and framing platforms for the approaching contest. The Ohio Republican convention, on Wednesday of last week, was the opening gun. The Ohio platform contained this declaration:

> We congratulate the American people that their recent safe passage through a financial disturbance indicates the sound basis upon which our commercial, industrial, and agricultural interests are founded, and the Republican party hails with confidence the signs now appearing of a complete restoration of business prosperity in all lines of trade, commerce, and manufacturing.

Of this declaration, it will doubtless be said that its political value depends on the extent to which this "complete restoration of business prosperity" shall have been achieved before November 3. The platform avoids such familiar assignments of causes as President Roosevelt's activities, or the people's excesses in the use of capital, or even the currency; the dominant party would naturally ignore these matters. There remained one popular scapegoat, and last week, Thursday, the Nebraska Democrats seized upon it:

> The injury done by issues of watered stock is more clearly seen and better understood, since the shrinkage in the market value of such stock has precipitated a widespread panic and brought enormous loss to the country.
>
> The panic has emphasized the necessity for legislation protecting the wealth producers from spoliation at the hands of the stock gamblers and the gamblers in farm products.

This is manifestly a bid for measures of the "anti-option" sort, aimed at preventing speculative operations on the Stock Exchange. Within a few days of this Nebraska declaration, a Republican Congressman, W. P. Hepburn of Iowa, supporter of the Administration and author of the Railway Rate Bill of 1906, introduced a measure imposing on sales of stocks a tax, virtual-

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ly prohibitive in the case of large speculative transactions, amounting to 50 cents per $100 share. The effect on business of such proposals, if seriously pressed, is doubtful; on the stock exchanges, the bill was naturally regarded with apprehension.

The possibility of a "currency issue" in the approaching campaign, with disturbing results to industry, was indicated by the Nebraska convention's expression of belief that "in so far as the needs of commerce require an emergency currency, such currency should be issued and controlled by the Federal government, and that it should be loaned upon adequate security and at a rate of interest which will compel its retirement when the emergency is passed." The interesting part of this declaration is, that it does not assume that such currency is needed. For a State from which very radical platforms on the currency were once a matter of course, this is remarkably restrained.

In singular contrast was the declaration, on almost the same day, of a non-political gathering, the so-called Prosperity Convention of merchants, held at Baltimore. Demanding a change in the currency system, it adopted this resolution:

> The recent currency panic was wholly due to our bond-secured currency, which bears no relation to the trade and commerce of the United States.

This lodging of all responsibility for the October crash on the existing bank-note system is by no means in accord with the best economic judgment; but a "prosperity convention" might perhaps have been expected to express its feelings thus. A bond-secured currency can be abolished overnight, whereas financial exhaustion, due to the people's own extravagance and excesses during the recent "boom," would have to await the slow process of retrenchment and recuperation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atherton, Gertrude. The Californians. Macmillan. $1.50.
Bain, R. Nisbet. Slavonic Europe. Putnams. $2 net.
Barber, Edwin Allee. Lead Glazed Pottery. Doubleday, Page & Co.
Barr, Robert. The Measure of the Rule. Appleton. $1.50.
Benton, Elbert J. International Law and Diplomacy of the Spanish-American War. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Blackburne, S. S. Terms and Themes of Chess Problems. Dutton.
Bower, F. O. The Origin of a Land Flora. Macmillan, $5.50 net.
Bowne, Borden Parker. Personalism. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Bruce, H. Addington. The Riddle of Personality. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50 net.
Burton, Martha Virginia. Sons of the Sun. Chicago: Bessette & Son.
Calvert, Albert F. Goya. John Lane Co. $1.25.
Coolidge, Asenath Carver. Prophet of Peace. Watertown, N. Y.: Hungerford-Holbrook Co.
Currency Problem and the Present Financial Situation. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Danby, Frank. The Heart of a Child. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dunn, Archibald. The Bridge Book. Dutton. $1 net.
Fabian Socialist: Socialism and Individualism; Socialism and Religion; Socialism and Agriculture; The Basis of Socialism. London: A. C. Fifield.
Fletcher, J. S. Mothers in Israel. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25.
Foreign Religious Series: Philipp Bachman, The New Message in the Teaching of Christ; E. F. Karl Müller, Our Lord; Paul Feine, St. Paul as a Theologian, 2 parts; Conrad von Orelli, The Peculiarity of the Religion of the Bible; Ludwig Lemme, Do We Need Christ for Communion with God? Eaton & Mains. 40 cts. net.
Gingerich, Solomon F. Wordsworth: A Study in Memory and Mysticism. Elkhart, Ind.; Mennonite Publishing Co. $1.20.
Ginzeky, Frank Karl. Jakobus und die Frauen. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hamilton, Clarence G. Outlines of Music History. Boston: Ditson.
Harkness, Memorial Exercises in Honor of Professor Albert. Providence: Published by the University.
Healy, Edith. La Comédie Classique en France. American Book Co. 50 cts.
Henry, René. Des Monts de Bohême au Golfe Persique. Paris.
Hildebrandt, A. Airships Past and Present. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.50 net.
Holmes, Bettie Fleischmann. The Log of the "Laura" in Polar Seas. Cambridge: University Press.
Jepson, Edgar. Tangled Wedlock. McClure Co.
Jonson, Ben. The New Inn, or the Light Heart. Holt.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1758-1761. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Richmond, Va.
Kern, James R. and Minna M. German Stories Retold. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Lecky, S. T. S. Wrinkles in Practical Navigation. D. Van Nostrand Co. $9 net.
Lewis, Alfred Henry. An American Patrician, or the Story of Aaron Burr. Appletons. $2 net.
Meehan, Michael. Mrs. Eddy and the Late Suit in Equity. Concord N. H.
Motley, James M. Apprenticeship in American Trade Unions. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Mullins, E. Y. The Axioms of Religion. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1 net.
Ober, Frederick A. A Guide to the West Indies. Dodd, Mead, & Co. $2.25 net.
Ogden Family: Elizabethtown Branch. 2 vols. Compiled by William Ogden Wheeler. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
O'Hara, John Myers. The Poems of Sappho. Chicago.
Orczy, Baroness. In Mary's Reign. The Cupples & Leon Co. 75 cents.
Phillips, David Graham. Old Wives for New. Appletons. $1.50.
Pick, Bernhard. Hymns and Poetry of the Eastern Church. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Qui Etes-Vous? 1908. Lemcke & Buechner.
Ruhmer, Ernst. Wireless Telegraphy. Translated by James Erskine-Murray. D. Van Nostrand. $3.50 net.
Saunders, Edward. Wild Bees, Wasps, and Ants. Dutton. $1.25.
Savallo, Dona Teresa de. The House of the Lost Court. McClure Co.
Schelling, Felix E. Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.
Shakespeare's The Tempest. The Bankside-Restoration Edition. Shakespeare Society of New York.
Shaw, Leslie Mortier. Current Issues. Appleton. $2 net.
Sinclair, Upton. The Metropolis. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Slaughter, Philip. The History of Truro Parish in Virginia. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.50 net.
Smith, A. L. Frederick L. Maitland. Henry Frowde.
Snyder, A. W. Through the Forty Days. Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.
Stettheimer, Ettie. The Will to Believe. The Science Press.
Trevena, John. Furze the Cruel. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Updike, Wilkins. A History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett, Rhode Island. 3 vols. Boston: Merrymount Press.
Virgil's Æneid. Books VII-XII. Translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Wells, H. G. New Worlds for Old. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Wheelock, Elizabeth M. Stories of Wagner Operas Told for Children. Indianapolis, Ind.: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
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